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LUDENDORFF, at least, is henceforth out of the game —that is one consolation to be drawn from recent events in Germany. The expected monarchist putsch took place—but the monarchists were divided into Wittelsbach and Hohenzollern, South German and North German camps, and accordingly the first coup failed. Ludendorff, after all, was a Prussian alien in Munich, and Hitler, leader of the fascist forces, is an Austrian. Theirs was a strange alliance, and their beer-house revolution a singularly uninspiring performance. Hitler, firing melodramatically into the air to force attention from a feverish crowd, and escaping from an unheroic encounter with the police wounded only by the violence with which he threw himself on the ground when the firing began, has lost his glamor; and Ludendorff, once commander of an empire's forces, is an unsympathetic figure spending the night in a police cell and obtaining release by a promise to be good—which, once released, he interprets to mean nothing.

HITLER and Ludendorff were not defeated, however, because they were monarchists, but because they were the wrong kind of monarchists. The civil officials whom they arrested, and who soon turned the tables on the short-lived revolution, were no devoted republicans. They are Wittelsbach monarchists, devoted to Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, whom they hope to crown emperor of all Germany. They distrusted Hitler as likely to play a lone hand, and Ludendorff as too close to the old Kaiser. This conflict possibly explains Dr. Stresemann's readiness to permit the former Crown Prince and Kaiser to return to Germany. Discredited as they still are by their flight to Holland—and the Kaiser, curiously, by his second marriage —the return of the Hohenzollerns must increase the division in the royalist forces and weaken the cause of the Wittelsbachs. It is playing with fire, but fire is sometimes the best weapon against fire. The Allies will do well to make no protest which will restore the martyr's halo to Hohenzollern brows. Pictures of their lonely life in exile have helped restore a sympathy which they lost in 1918, and new measures are likely to help rather than hurt them.

THIS flurry of excitement about the return of the Hohenzollerns and about the beer-hall revolution has permitted the international reparations conference to die almost unnoticed. We called the pother about it a Much Ado About Nothing when it began, for it was plain from the beginning that M. Poincaré would accept no limitation of his freedom of action. He does not want to save Germany from collapse and Europe from decay. Day by day he is advancing in his negotiations with the big German industrialists who are more powerful than their Government, and completing treaties for the subjection of conquered economic provinces. That these treaties have no sounder footing than the wrecked Treaty of Versailles does not concern him; in his mind's eye that tragic ruin still stands intact, and when President Wilson in an armistice-day address asserts that France and Italy have torn it into waste-paper he is only angry. We prefer the blunt if cynical honesty of Bethmann-Hollweg in August, 1914, when he declared, of the invasion of Belgium, "This is contrary to international law." It was no more so than the conquest of the Ruhr. M. Poincaré refused to join in an international expert inquiry which would concern itself with anything more far-reaching than Germany's *present* capacity to pay—which, we all know, is nil. We are proud that Mr. Hughes refused to stultify himself by sharing in so piffling an enterprise. M. Poincaré is now planning a study by the Reparation Commission of this limited field; on that commission his representative, no technician but a hack politician, Barthou, holds the casting vote.

LLOYD GEORGE'S American tour seems to have given him a sort of springboard from which to dive back into British politics and to have healed the feud between him and his former chief. If anything was needed to complete the reconciliation with Mr. Asquith, the announcement of an election on December 6 upon the tariff issue provided it. An election upon the tariff issue means a return to the good old days for many Liberals who have found themselves rather at a loss in the wilds of post-war politics. Not one of them but won his diploma in the school of free trade in his younger days. A high tariff is always an alluring issue in hard times, and it would be rash to predicate a

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Liberal victory upon the free-trade tradition of Great Britain. But at least the Liberals will enter this election with their ranks united, and if Labor and the Liberals can avoid too many three-cornered contests they should be able to avoid the anomaly of the present Parliament, in which the Conservatives, with less than 40 per cent of the voters behind them, have a majority of 87 members.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL continues his habit of blunt truth-telling. "It would have been better for the world as things have turned out," he writes, "if you had never gone in [to the World War] at all. There would then have been a draw and militarism would have been killed instead of reviving in other countries." This is, perhaps, speculation, but the evidence is increasingly with Mr. Zangwill. "You shut out immigrants, instead of holding out hospitable hands," he said in a speech which some of his auditors resented. "And how did you get your country? You took it by force from the Indians, and your duty is to hold it in trust for humanity. You call it 'God's own country.' For God's sake make it so." Newspaper comment does not indicate that Mr. Zangwill was altogether right when he said of America: "You can stand criticism. 'Main Street' and 'Babbitt' have proved that. . . . You are too big for flattery, so big that you can hear the truth. . . . You are so good that, like Ford, you become the easy prey of crooks and cranks." And yet, essentially he is right. We are tired of toadying foreign speakers who disguise their propaganda in insincere flattery. Mr. Zangwill's bluntness may sting for the moment, but in the long run we will thank him for it. The man who gave us the mirror of ourselves as a melting-pot has a right to be shocked by our present-day attitude to our immigrants.

SECRETARY MELLON'S proposals for changes in Federal taxation are perhaps put forward as much in the hope of preventing a soldiers' bonus as with the idea that Congress will enact them as they stand. To defeat the proposed bonus is certainly worth accomplishing in itself, although it is a question how far an executive department should go in propagandizing in that way. Of course Mr. Mellon is correct in insisting that the country cannot have both lower taxes and the bonus, and the reductions that he suggests are well devised to obtain support both from those with small and those with large incomes. The proposed cut in the normal rates to 3 and 6 per cent, instead of 4 and 8 per cent, will appeal to persons of moderate earnings, while the suggested reduction for surtaxes from a maximum of 42 per cent on $200,000 and over to 25 per cent on $100,000 and over will commend itself to persons with larger incomes. A change in surtax rates will doubtless be opposed by agrarian elements in Congress, but Mr. Mellon's belief that his plan would produce as great a revenue through checking investment in tax-exempt securities is probably well founded. In any event the scandal of that kind of tax-dodging ought to be ended by forbidding further issues of tax-exempt bonds.

WHEN Charles F. Murphy, grand sachem of Tammany Hall, ordered Hearst's "filthy, lying newspapers" out of his home it was a symbol that Tammany no longer felt the need of even the Hearst newspapers. It controls New York City without benefit of the press. The most interesting aspect of the election in New York State was the knockout blow delivered by the voters to Hearst's political ambitions. In New York City the Republican nominees for justices of the Supreme Court, sponsored by Mr. Hearst, were snowed under by majorities of more than 100,000, despite Hearst and the other newspapers. In Syracuse the Hearst candidate for mayor was badly defeated, and the Hearst newspapers of the morning after election day were reduced to featuring the fact that the Republican candidate for mayor, supported by the Hearst newspapers, had carried Rochester. But it is a very old citizen of Rochester who remembers the day when Rochester did not elect the Republican candidate for mayor, and the palmiest days of Rochester Republicans long antedated the advent of Mr. Hearst's afternoon newspaper. Politically speaking, Mr. Hearst is dead. It does not matter whether he calls himself Republican, Democrat, Independence Leaguer, or what-not in the future; the politicians will no longer fear him. Mr. Murphy's announced determination never again to permit the Hearst papers in his pure home, however, is not likely to affect their circulation. Perhaps the most extraordinary feature of the extraordinary growth of some newspapers in recent years is that they grow most when their editorial pages have least influence.

Thirty thousand women employed in the confectionery, paper-box, tobacco, collar, and shirt industries and in mercantile establishments in New York State are receiving less than sixteen dollars a week. More than one-fourth of the women employed in these factory industries and more than one-fifth of the women employed in the State's mercantile establishments are receiving less than twelve dollars a week. Thousands of women in these industries and in mercantile establishments are receiving less than ten dollars a week.

THESE figures are taken from a study made by the Bureau of Women in Industry of the State Industrial Commission of the wages earned by 60,000 women workers in New York. Let us see what this means. The lowest wage that will support a family of five at a minimum level of health and decency is about $2,200 a year—forty-odd dollars a week. Almost all women workers, married and unmarried, contribute practically every cent they earn to the upkeep of the home. If a woman had only herself to support she would come near to starving on ten, twelve, or sixteen dollars a week. With children, parents, younger brothers and sisters dependent upon her, the figures printed above present a picture of utter desperation.

TO turn an institution of scholarly and advanced research into a business college specializing in commercial geography would be easier if it were not for attachments from the past that call out in protest. There are graduates whose professional standing is injured, whose memories are disturbed, whose love of true scholarship is outraged. Thus, following the protest of the Washington Alumni Club against the commercialization of Clark University, comes another signed by a score of persons prominent in education on the Pacific Coast. The Pacific Coast alumni, like others, demand the retirement of Wallace W. Atwood, the president of Clark, because they say his policies do not command the confidence of faculty or student body, have led to the loss of certain of the best teachers, and have lowered the scholastic standing of the university. The signers of the protest include the deans of three

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schools and six other professors in the University of Oregon, the heads of the departments of psychology at Leland Stanford University and the University of Utah, two professors in the University of Washington, two in Washington State College, and one each in the University of California and the University of Southern California. The protest of these men will doubtless be ignored because they have only scholarship to recommend their views and not large bank accounts available for endowment funds; but the facts that the freshman class at Clark this year is about 45 instead of 90, and the enrolment in the graduate school 75 instead of 160, may prove more convincing.

WE are happy to have in this country Fridtjof Nansen, technically a subject of the kingdom of Norway but actually a citizen of the world and a dweller in the sphere of true liberalism and humanitarian devotion. It would be hard to name a more useful and unselfish figure in world affairs during the years of chicanery and intrigue that have followed the World War. Without resting after his splendid efforts in relieving the Russian famine, Dr. Nansen has applied himself to the even more perplexing problem of the relief and repatriation of a million Greek refugees in a country whose total population is about five millions. Although it has been reported that Dr. Nansen is here to solicit funds for relief, he states that his mission is only to tell of conditions, leaving the raising of money to organizations in America. He says:

> My real purpose in coming to America was to do what I could to enlighten public opinion as to the true state of affairs in Europe today and the difficulties with which we are faced. The fact is that Europe now, five years after the armistice, is in a worse condition, if anything, than it was in 1918 at the end of the war, and the only possibility of reconstruction lies in international cooperation.

While we do not agree with Dr. Nansen that the League of Nations is the road to international cooperation, we do believe in such cooperation, and we look forward hopefully to the day when America shall see its duty and its destiny.

OTHER times, other manners. The watchwords that were good enough to die for from 1914 to 1918 are often singularly inappropriate to the politics of 1923. This has been brought home to a group of ex-service men in a little town in France, who chose as the inscription for a monument to their fallen comrades, "Guerre à la guerre" (War against war). The local public officials thought this sentiment was all right—akin to the famous slogan "the war to end war"—but the national Government, which in France has the power to censor inscriptions on all monuments, ordered the words removed. No wonder. As one surveys the world from the Eiffel Tower, he realizes that "the war to end war" was a falsehood, or else that it didn't succeed; neither of which alternatives the French Government cares to admit. In America we are more naive (we wouldn't have gone into the war otherwise), and Armistice Day has just passed off with a recrudescence of all the old phrases and no official protest against their incongruity. Thus a business concern advertised its patriotism and its knowledge of Latin by concluding a review of commercial conditions for its clients with a tribute to the Unknown Soldier: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori." Yes, yes; doubtless it is sweet and decorous to die for one's country, but is also sweet, if not so decorous, to remain behind and get rich selling sardines or saddles or shoe polish to the government—as did most of the clients of the business concern that waxes so eloquent over the Unknown Soldier. Also we never realized quite how sweet and decorous it is to die for one's country until exposure of conditions in the Veterans' Bureau taught us how bitter and humiliating it is, when mutilated or diseased, to be left alive but neglected.

ENTER S. S. McClure, publisher of *McClure's Magazine*, denouncing all welfare work and declaring:

> There is nothing the matter with the United States except the weaklings and whiners, mainly newly arrived foreigners, and the parlor socialists, uplifters, and do-goods who encourage them—and these last include such magazines of synthetic bolshevism as *The Nation*. . . . Their pleas for social, industrial, and moral anarchy disgust the American workingman. Worse than that, they bore him.

Enter next S. Stanwood Menken, president of the National Security League, with a plea for "world understanding," by which, as he explains, he means cannon and aircraft:

> Our young people read the red and yellow journals, and *The Nation* and the *New Republic*, with the same perverted sense as those of another time peeked into obscene literature. When we, of the National Security League, ask for support in awakening our people, the smug, self-confident American citizen dismisses the matter by saying, "I am through with war." . . . I wonder what effect this view would have on Lenin's Council, if they had the airships ready which they will soon possess, and the wicked whim to extend their area of rapine and annihilation to our shores. That these devils, committers of every crime against God and man, might do so is possible at any moment, and yet we are totally unprepared for defense against them.

Thus *The Nation* not only bores its readers, but it furnishes them with a perverse substitute for pornographic thrills; at the same time it exposes New York City to the imminent danger of an air raid from Moscow, 6,000 miles away. Or, as Mr. Swinburne so well put it, "Fiddle, we know, is diddle; and diddle, we take it, is dee."

THE States and the universities continue to take up poetry in a serious way. The universities began it with Percy Mackaye at Miami and Robert Frost at Michigan, poets resident. But the States have gone them one better and have produced an amazing array of poets laureate. Nebraska claims John G. Neihardt; California, Ina Donna Coolbrith; New York, Edwin Markham; Vermont, Robert Frost (Mr. Frost does double duty); Pennsylvania, Florence Earle Coates; Wyoming, E. Richard Shipp; Colorado, Nellie Burget Miller; and Oklahoma, Violet MacDougal (recently appointed by Governor Walton). In her second venture, however, the University of Michigan really carries off the honors. She has imported a laureate, England's own laureate, for her own resident poet. To those of us who have cherished the vague idea that kings and laureates must never leave the lands they rule and of which they sing, the presence of Robert Bridges at Ann Arbor seems somehow disturbing. However, our knowledge of Mr. Bridges's passion for English undefiled by Americanisms and such corruptions of the ancient tongue leads us to suspect that he comes to Michigan not so much to elevate the poetry of the United States as to correct its grammar and to purify its speech. Perhaps, after all, Mr. Bridges knows best his own powers.

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The Klan and the Bottle

STANDING above the mass of local issues which largely determined the recent elections were two questions of national significance: prohibition and the Ku Klux Klan. Both these questions promise to increase rather than diminish in importance in the near future; they will not improbably be the most vital issues of the campaign of 1924.

In the voting of November 6 prohibition played a part in many individual contests and was of State-wide consequence at least in New Jersey and Maryland, with victory going apparently to the drys in the first instance and to the wets in the second. In New Jersey the contest over liquor centered in Essex County, where the Democratic leader bolted the party platform—which advised only modifications of the State enforcement acts relating to the Volstead law—and declared flatly for the repeal of New Jersey's prohibition legislation. Against this declaration the Republicans carried all twelve of the county's seats in the Assembly, although four of the winners are personally in favor of repeal legislation. In Maryland Governor Ritchie's impressive majority is generally conceded to be due to his uncompromising stand against Volsteadism.

But although prohibition was an issue of importance in the elections, it was less so than the Ku Klux Klan. The liquor question seems to have settled into a contest that will generally be dodged in party platforms but in regard to which the alignment of individuals is known. The Klan, on the other hand, is a secret force which denies taking part in politics and its influence is often hard to determine. Likewise the seat of its strength has shifted oddly. Its power was first achieved in the South Atlantic States, but internal dissensions broke its influence there only to spread it to the Southwest, especially to Texas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas. Now another shift is taking place, clearly visible in the recent elections. From Indiana, for some time a stronghold of the Invisible Empire, the "Kluxers" are spreading their hold rapidly over the Middle West. A correspondent of the New York *Times* writes that although Indiana has the largest number of Klansmen in proportion to its population of any of the States, Ohio has the greatest membership numerically, numbering, according to the organization's own figures, some 700,000 persons. This is 300,000 more than the Klan claims in Texas, where its power is said to be on the wane in the face of organized opposition. The Klan's claims may be taken with a grain of salt after the fiasco of its Fort Wayne parade, where the promised 100,000 Klansmen dwindled to 5,000—but the organization is actually in control of politics in Indiana, Texas, Oklahoma, Oregon, and Arkansas, and promises soon to add Ohio. "Next year," says the correspondent, "the Klan will assert its influence in both the Republican and Democratic campaigns, and this influence will be wielded for or against anti-Klan candidates for every office from presidential delegates to members of the legislature."

There is no longer a leg to support the pretense of the Klan that it is not in politics. Its influence has become too obvious and too direct. Neither is there a chance to pussyfoot any longer in regard to its opposition to Negroes, Jews, and Catholics. The Klan in Billings, Montana, recently inserted a page advertisement in the *Gazette* of that city to assert that it was not anti-Jew, anti-Negro, or anti-Catholic. "We are not an anti organization in any sense, just pro-American," the announcement said. But such an assertion is meaningless in view of the definite official statement of the head of the Klan before the convention at Dallas, Texas, that Negroes, Jews, and Catholics can never become Americans; that "because of insurmountable social, racial, and religious barriers they will always stand apart from our own people."

The Ku Klux Klan is now primarily a political party and only in a lesser sense a fraternal organization. It ought therefore to be recognized as a political party and combated as such. So far, both Democratic and Republican parties have quailed in fear before the Klan. In Indiana and Ohio, for instance, the political bosses have been afraid to mention the subject, and when asked by newspaper correspondents to discuss the Klan and the election are reported to have said with one accord: "Excuse me." But this is just what the public must not do. Party conventions will doubtless continue to evade the issue just as they have that of prohibition. But just as individual candidates have, upon demand, generally been induced to declare their stand on liquor, so they can be got to do it in regard to the Klan.

This, we conceive, is the way to proceed against the Klan. We are not much impressed with the desirability of organizations specially formed to fight the "Kluxers"; they are likely to develop intolerances as objectionable as those of the Klan itself. But we do believe that in every Klan-endangered community some civic body, if necessary organized for that express purpose, ought in next year's campaign to ask every candidate to declare himself on the Klan issue. The Invisible Empire is now squarely committed against the principles of religious and racial liberty which the American republic was founded especially to conserve, and is attempting by definitely political means to carry out its ideas. It is absurd that any candidate for office should be allowed to dodge this issue, infinitely more important than the twaddle of which the Republican and Democratic platforms in 1924 will be composed.

It is true that to come out against the Klan in some sections of the country would, at this moment, invite almost certain defeat. But it would also, we are sure, lay the foundation for a firm political future. For the anti-Americanism of the Klan dooms it to a speedy and ignoble extinction. The extreme position of the Klan makes its ideas more vulnerable than subtler propaganda. The fact that the influence of the Klan has shifted from one section of the country to another indicates the shallowness of its hold. We should not forget the history of the Know-Nothing Party, which sprang up about the middle of the last century with opposition to aliens as its cardinal principle. For a time it had a phenomenal growth. In 1854 it elected a number of congressmen and the governors of Massachusetts and Delaware. In the next year it carried State elections in New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Kentucky, and California. In 1856 it ran Millard Fillmore in a losing contest for the Presidency. Then, as quickly as they came, the Know-Nothings vanished.

The career of the Klan is likely to be equally meteoric. But to insure and speed its descent we should recognize it as a political party and demand that candidates for public office declare themselves for or against it.

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The Lost *Leader*

ANOTHER gallant adventure in labor journalism is dead. The New York *Leader*, for a few weeks heir to the old *Call*, has furled its sails. At least it closes with its books balancing, able to pay its staff and meet its debts—thereby establishing something very like a record.

The unions which took over the *Leader* inherited from the Socialist owners of the *Call* a bankrupt paper, more ruinously in debt than its own managers had realized. They made an attempt to transform this little paper, with a brave record of courageous battling but a terrific burden of distrust and debt, into a real daily newspaper. They gave their new paper a sporting page, a women's column, comics, "colyums." Before they had their new craft fairly launched they ran into the storm of the newspaper strike. They attempted to capitalize the strike situation by printing huge editions of their paper to fill the gap. Circulation boomed, but their distributors sabotaged them. Their returns, and accordingly their losses, were tremendous. Before the paper changed its name they had spent more than half of their slender capital—only about $75,000 net.

The new paper found itself after the strike boom with 20,000 circulation—more than double the number of readers of the *Call* in its latter days. That was not enough to bring in much new advertising. The pledges from the unions which had taken over the paper were slow in coming in, and the management had committed itself to a more elaborate paper than it was possible to maintain upon the paper's income.

But there was more than that. A large part of the *Leader's* difficulty lay in the peculiar situation in the labor movement in New York City. The unions which owned the paper, and the men who edited it, belonged to the progressive group which has usually opposed the leadership of Samuel Gompers in the American Federation of Labor. Accordingly, some of the Gompers group were from the beginning hostile to it. Its support came mainly from the largely Jewish needle-trades unions. But the Jewish workers already have their labor dailies in their own tongue. Nor did the English-speaking members of the needle-trades unions give the paper the almost religious support which would have been necessary to make the paper succeed. That they did not was due to the factional strife within labor ranks. The *Leader* from the beginning dissociated itself from the disputes among its supporters and sought to advocate only a program upon which the various groups could unite. The result was that it won the intense loyalty of no one. The Communists and near-Communists would not support it, for it was not theirs—they were hoping to establish an English daily of their own in Chicago; and the Socialists did not love it because it did not throw itself into their fight to oust the Communists. The supporters of the *Leader* had hoped that it might help establish a unity which is sorely needed within the union movement. But they did not have money enough to give it a long enough trial. The old *Call* had a fanatical little group of die-hards who were ready to support it through any crisis with a kind of religious devotion. The *Leader* had only its merit as a newspaper to stand upon—and not enough people bought it for that. In a very real sense, it was too good to live. It was neither scandalous nor factional enough to please.

Does this mean that labor can never manage its own newspapers? We think not. It does, we think, prove that labor can have its own newspapers only when it is sufficiently united and strong to give them real and continued support; and an incidental lesson may be that it needs to hire managers trained in the school of business experience. But times will come again when labor will discover that it cannot trust the most liberal dailies of millionaire ownership, and will try again. Meanwhile labor has its own weeklies and monthlies—and they are growingly good.

The German Famine

WHEN the potato crop has been harvested in Germany, the farmers notify the government, which officially declares the fields open; hordes of miserable city-dwellers are then permitted to paw through the earth of the fields in the hope of finding a few potatoes so small or rotten as to have escaped the farmer's hands. Thousands of Berliners flocked to the country every day during the harvest-season for that feeble hope of nourishment. Returning travelers report that they sat with their backs to the street in restaurants because they could not bear to see the pinched faces staring in through the plate-glass windows. And this in autumn, the easiest food-time of the year.

We are face to face with another great famine. Behind the reports of Ludendorff-Hitler putsches, of the crown prince's return, of riots and Reichswehr movements, there is a steady story of hunger and disease. We have been hearing this story so long that our ears have become dulled to it. It is a more important story than the incidents which are chronicled in newspaper headlines, of vastly more significance to future generations, but it is the same old story, so it is not news. News is something new, something startling, and starvation is an old story in Germany, and no longer startles anyone. And when some American who has been caught in a riot of women mad for a loaf of bread reports the horror of the experience, someone else reports that there was plenty of food in the Hotel Adlon.

There is always plenty of food in the Hotel Adlons. In the midst of starvation there are always men who somehow hoard a little food, and others who have money to pay for it. Americans, who also have money to pay for food, see these men. They seldom stray into the working-class sections. Some of these cynical Americans expatiate upon the unemployment doles paid workers "for not working"; they do not stop to discover that when bread cost two and a half billion marks a loaf the unemployment dole for the head of a family amounted to a billion marks a day—two-fifths the value of a single loaf of bread.

The Russian famine was primarily a product of atmospheric conditions—of drought and heat. It was a famine of the country districts as well as of the cities. The German famine is otherwise. The German farmers have food enough for themselves, but they see no reason to exchange it for the worthless paper marks with which the cities are flooded. The two and a half billion paper marks that are worth one loaf of bread today may be worth only half a loaf next week or even tomorrow; the grain or potatoes that the farmer has in his barn do not lose their value. Naturally he sells only when he needs to buy something else on the same day. Germany is a manufacturing country that normally exports fabricated goods and imports foodstuffs. Her great manufacturing centers are in the

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hands of an enemy so that she cannot export; without exports she cannot pay for imports. Yet the German famine is no less real because it can thus be explained as an artificial product. It is terribly real today—and it will be worse in the coming cold weather, and in the early spring when new crops will have been planted but will not yet be ripe for harvesting.

We may still hope that our statesmen will find a way, despite the political difficulties on both sides of the water, to cut at the roots of the disease. But even assuming a greater measure of diplomatic success than now seems probable, the coming winter will inevitably be a famine-winter. Naturally Frau Kreisler cables her friends to "keep the Kreisler kitchens cooking." Naturally the Quakers in Germany cable home for help, pleading that:

> The past two weeks have brought the actual need to the surface in a way that one did not think possible. It has driven hundreds and possibly thousands into the streets to beg. One sees that they did not come out until the pangs of hunger and fear in the solitude of their four walls became unbearable.

It is hard to picture life in Germany today. One correspondent who left South Germany for a position in Berlin, found the only lodging available one hour by foot from his work. To ride in a street-car cost fifty million marks on the day of his arrival, a hundred millions the next day, two hundred the day after, and today costs some billions; he could not pay. No one can pay except foreigners and a few profiteers. The decay of Germany which has been in process for nearly ten years is approaching a climax. In Berlin they examine the six-year-old children entering school for signs of tuberculosis. Before the war half of one per cent were tuberculous; in 1921, 2.5 per cent; in 1922, 3.2 per cent; early in 1923 more than 5 per cent—and this autumn has brought by far the worst undernourishment yet experienced. A future generation is being ruined, and with it the hope of other generations to follow after.

The Quakers withdrew from Germany last year after two and a half years of child-feeding. Cooperating with Herbert Hoover they had raised and distributed more than $12,000,000 in American foodstuffs. It is not generally realized that the German government furnished the flour and sugar for this feeding—more than $5,000,000 worth of it—or that since August, 1922, it has paid the overhead expenses of the organization which continued on a reduced basis the Quaker feeding. When the Quakers retired, it seemed probable that thenceforth the Germans could finance their own relief. That was before the Ruhr, and the subsequent collapse. At the urgent appeal of General Henry T. Allen, formerly commander of the American Army on the Rhine, they are going back. Perhaps most of us in America thought we had done enough, but we too will have to go back.

General Allen's committee, which includes most of the men who once led war-time appeals for Allied relief, asks America for $5,000,000 now, and admits that $10,000,000 may be needed. Their program covers only a minimum meal for a quarter of the children who physicians say need such supplementary feeding. The weekly allowance for a child sounds trifling: 48 grams of fat, 18 grams of cocoa, 90 grams of sugar, 240 grams of evaporated milk, and 480 grams of flour. But it must be met, and only America can do it. The address of General Allen's committee—the American Committee for Relief of German Children—is 19 West 44th Street, New York City.

The Languid Generation

THE editors and managers of the undergraduate newspapers of a number of Eastern women's colleges sat together in the convention room and discussed their common problems. Intelligence and ability were obvious possessions of all of them. They had also the appearance of being entirely alive, which belongs only to people who have something of meaning and importance to do. They found the task of editing and writing college newspapers a baffling one and the problems that they faced resolved themselves finally into one problem: The students in the colleges were not interested in anything. Surely a discouraging fact to face, one which the editor of the *Saturday Evening Post* or the New York *Evening Journal* knows nothing about.

Should they print reports of lectures which the whole college might have heard and which were attended by a dozen students? Should they bring into the paper news of the outside world, and "try to interest the undergraduates" in matters of public significance? Should they talk about education in general and the curriculum in particular—to several hundred deaf ears? Or should they merely chronicle the interests of the majority; and if so . . . "But the majority has no interests." The delegates agreed on that.

They compared notes. One editor thought that if the students at her college could be said to read anything with eagerness it was collections of miscellaneous facts. "They like to know how many pieces of mail-matter come into the college and go out every week; how many bricks it took to build the new dormitory." Another delegate said that brief theater and book notes were read; another that a rather dreary humorous column was the thing the college turned to; another said that the discussion of college fads, such as the use of the swagger-stick, made matter that her public would read. "If the students at C—— would get excited about swagger-sticks I'd take it as a hopeful sign," said a cynical young woman in the front row.

A frail, passing interest in fads, the theater, books, facts, jokes—is this a foundation to build a paper on? The editors seemed hardly to think so. They looked in vain for some breath of hot feeling, some prejudice, some clash of ideas. And all they found was a languid tolerance for any idea. Modern students, it appeared, can not be shocked or won; they are pleasantly aloof from the bitter interests that tear the world. They read, but books are books to them, adjuncts to a serene academic progress—not chronicles of a living reality. The world is a little misty to them, a little remote, as if they were souls in some Maeterlinckian heaven waiting to be born.

No one would wish for the students of America the tortures of hunger, the clash of national and racial hatreds, the grinding effort by night and day, summer and winter, to secure enough money to buy learning. These things, characteristic of European universities, make life real enough, in all conscience, and education a thing to prize, but they warp the mind and blunt the sensibilities. Perhaps some compromise is necessary between hunger and complacency. Perhaps the generation that is being born out of our American colleges will have to rub against life a little before it really believes in it. Real interest is an emotion, and emotions spring from the needs of human beings, and so far in this comparatively comfortable land there has been little of Europe's bitter need for interest and intelligence.

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Red Saxony

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Berlin, October 31

FOR three hours last Thursday I traveled from Berlin to Dresden opposite a young man in simple blue clothes without a single outward mark of distinction. He wore neither the frock-coat of statesmanship nor the high hat of the cabinet minister. He did have an attendant who once covered his knees with a rug and reminded my vis-a-vis that the time had come for him to eat his sandwich, which the Minister - President most obediently proceeded to do. If you had examined him closely, as I did, you would have seen a man who looked like a very earnest young American lawyer, a bit pale and obviously tired, but with fine bright eyes, a short upper lip, a high forehead with thick black hair brushed back somewhat after the style of the college boy in America. You would have agreed with me that it was a fine, sensitive face, the face of an enthusiast and of a thinker. You certainly would not have noticed any criminal traits, and so you would have been surprised to learn that this was one of the greatest criminals of today. Such he is in the minds of all who worship the god of things as they are and the god of private property and all the other gods whose feet no longer seem to be on solid ground but as in sand.

Ernst Zeigner and the Prussian Heel

For this young man of thirty-five was Dr. Zeigner, the Minister-President, or Prime Minister, of Saxony, the man who, having just declined to dissolve his Government at the behest of Berlin, has been ousted by force. I had heard him speak the night before and had been profoundly impressed by the direct and straightforward way in which he explained his position and declared his principles before a group of members of the League of the Young Republic, who cheered and applauded him the minute he hove in sight. He wasted no time in compliments or long-drawn-out words of thanks. He simply laid the facts of the situation as he saw them before these ardent young republicans, without thought of oratory, speaking far more rapidly than one would expect from a man trained to the law, for years a state's attorney and a judge.

He did not deny that there had been some Communist excesses in Saxony during July and August. The passive resistance in the Ruhr and the shutting down of industry there had had a most disastrous effect upon the factories of Saxony, which had actually suffered more from unemployment than any other portion of Germany. Saxony had a proletarian majority. It seemed to him that he and his associates, when they succeeded in getting two Communist leaders to take office in his Ministry, had achieved something not only unusual, unprecedented, but entirely praiseworthy. Did it not mean a good deal that German Communists had been induced to abandon their negative policy of obstruction, denunciation, and destruction, and to come into a Government to accept the responsibilities of governing, with all the chastening effects that those responsibilities brought in their train? That they had even taken the oath to uphold the Reich, the state of Saxony, and the Weimar Constitution? His audience, by its applause, agreed with him. But this was his offense, and not merely the existence of the "proletarian hundreds." He declared that the attack on Saxony came from government officials and soldiers "who have learned nothing and forgotten everything that has happened during and since the war."

Dr. Zeigner next spoke strongly against the conduct of the Reichswehr, asserting that their attitude was that of a conquering and invading army, and insisting that even if there had been undue lawlessness in Saxony it was not more than had existed in other portions of the Empire; that it certainly did not call for sending in thousands of troops. He had been told by a colonel of the General Staff in Dresden only that day that there were still eighty trains of

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troops to come in. As for the shooting down in the city of Pirna of some of the unemployed who were innocently gathered in front of the City Hall when the troops unexpectedly marched in, he said that being bent on perfectly legitimate business and in direct need of doles about to be handed out they had refused to disperse when ordered to do so. The troops immediately fired upon them, killing two and wounding many others, many of them being shot in the back, and reported the incident to Berlin as a "deliberate and well-organized Communist attack."

Dr. Zeigner assured his hearers, as he subsequently assured me, that he wished only that Saxony be let alone, and that he thought anyone a poor German indeed who would add to the trouble of the Reich in such stormy times. Yet he was sure that he was but living up to the Constitution both of Saxony and the Reich when he upheld the right of his Ministry to take into it Communist members. Dr. Stresemann had insisted that by retaining these Communist members and permitting them to attack the Reich Government in speeches and to call for its overthrow in favor of a proletarian government really devoted to the republic, Dr. Zeigner's Ministry was guilty of a violation of the Constitution such as could be atoned for only by the dismissal of the Communist members—a decision greeted with loud cheers by Hugo Stinnes's *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and all the houn'-dawgs of the extreme capitalistic press.

So the die has been cast. Dr. Zeigner and his Cabinet are out, and a Commissioner has been appointed to instal a new Government. The troops of Lieutenant General Müller, whose mental caliber and freedom from prejudice may be deduced from the fact that in one of his proclamations posted on the walls of Dresden he blamed the Communists for all the economic ills from which not only Saxony but all Germany is suffering, have driven the Zeigner Ministers out of their offices by force. In other words, the Stresemanns and the Stinneses and the 100-per-cent Germans of the open-shop, Civic-Federation type have triumphed.

Something very fine has gone out of Germany's political life with Zeigner. Other more experienced politicians will take the place of the Zeigner Ministry—it was perfectly obvious in the talk that I had with its head that he was without a background of political history and experience, and therefore was at a terrible disadvantage in dealing with Berlin. But whatever his shortcomings and his errors, make no mistake: in him Saxony has a high-minded patriot consecrated to the republican ideal and quite ready to make any personal sacrifice to that end. There is nothing of the fanatic or the visionary about him. He is no demagogue to stir up the masses. In our long talk he kept coming back to the constructive things that he was trying to do: First, to meet the existing emergencies and to help the unemployed; and, second, to place Saxon industry on a sound basis by completing the great electrical works near Zwickau which are to furnish cheap power not only to Saxony but even to the industries of Czecho-Slovakia and are to lift a good part of the burden of taxation by their profits. Then he told how he had succeeded in bringing about a settlement with the royal family by which many important art collections and public properties will be ceded to the state without a struggle and how upon the basis of these he hoped to raise a loan for the 30,000,000 gold marks he needed to complete the state's great electrical undertakings. Never have I talked with a ruler of a state who used the I as little and injected his personality so rarely into the conversation.

What a shock it would be to New York *Times* readers to talk to the two Communist ministers of Saxony, Heckert and Böttcher, about whom the whole storm arose. Both are clean-shaven, youngish men of the workingman type. Böttcher has been twenty years in politics, beginning life as an apprentice in the building trade. Heckert was until recently what we should call a job printer. His face was pale, his clothes coarse and sadly showing wear. The marks of the struggle for existence are written all over him. These men were slow to commit themselves to a journalistic stranger from America. But they were both perfectly clear in their minds that what is at stake in Saxony for the moment is not communism, but the life of the German Republic and the freedom of its working people. It is a class war which they feel is being waged against them. "We know now how our brothers in the Ruhr are suffering under the French, for we have the Reichswehr among us." They agreed that the "hundreds" were not being disarmed because the hundreds, according to them, are without arms and had never been organized in real military fashion.

They insisted in their quiet and serious way that there have been no grave Communist excesses in Saxony. Yesterday, however, I interviewed a Prussian Minister who has the reputation of being one of the most reasonable and fair-minded. When I told him that Dr. Zeigner had insisted that there was no undue lawlessness in Saxony he cried out emphatically: "Oh, we know differently. All sorts of terrible things have happened. Why, in one town the workingmen actually went into their factory, pulled out the owner, and made him lead a parade through the streets with a red flag which they thrust into his hands!" Of course, I murmured my sympathy and horror; I could well imagine how quickly there would be a lynching-bee in Gary, or Hammondsport, or Bethlehem, or Coatsville, or Pittsburgh if any of our American workingmen were guilty of an atrocity like that! Fortunately for my nerves he spared me any further details, and so I have been free to ponder on what is behind these conditions. The truth is that the attack upon Saxony was actuated by far different motives. Stresemann moved on Saxony, first, to overawe the Communists throughout the country; second, to spike the guns of those Bavarians who have been threatening to invade Saxony in order to attack the Communists and so get nearer Berlin; and, third, and most important of all, as a show of energy and vigor in the face of the reported intention of the Bavarians to establish a rump Reich-Government in Munich. That plan frightened Dr. Stresemann and his cabinet pretty badly. Many Ministers assured me that the Saxon maneuver was intended to place troops in a position where they could be rushed to the Bavarian frontier promptly. In other words, this reconstruction of the Saxon Ministry was a purely political maneuver. To me it seems a costly blunder. At the very moment when Dr. Stresemann is menaced from the Right he has alienated the multitudes of Socialists and workingmen of all faiths, who are now convinced that a dictatorship of the Reich is upon them. The danger of such a precedent is, moreover, great; if the Bavarians take charge of Berlin they will have an excellent example of how to get rid of the Prussian Government. All they will have to do will be to hire a few thugs to start up the Communists and to instigate rioting among the unemployed, and the trick will be done.

Nor do I believe that the maneuver will have the effect upon the Bavarians which Dr. Stresemann expects. The Bavarians regard themselves as engaged in the holiest of

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wars to purge all Germany of Jews, Marxians, and Communists—a feat which will, if achieved, in itself solve the problem of the overpopulation of Germany. Whether an armed conflict can still be avoided, whether a sort of Avignon government will or will not be established in Munich, whether the Bavarians will start their march on Berlin, as I happen to know General Ludendorff is urging them to do, may be told in America by the time this letter reaches New York. To prophesy is folly; the general belief is that Stresemann will yield his place shortly to a more violent reactionary, possibly a general, but of a type much more satisfactory to the militarists and the Bavarians. After that no man knoweth; most people look for a Communist dictator to succeed the representative of the Right.

But today all is quiet on the Elbe. Saxony has "got what was coming to her," and the world now has seen one more of the daily evidences of the tremendous success of the war to make the world safe for democracy. The only fly in the ointment is that on April 1 there were in Saxony 44,700 men and women drawing unemployment doles and 25,797 on short time, while on September 1 there were 41,425 unemployed and 126,146 on part time and on October 1 no less than 112,274 were unemployed and 349,566 were on short time. I am sure that if Elbert H. Gary were here just now he would be unable to refrain from repeating his remarks about Mussolini in this form: "I rather think that I ought to go home and tell our countrymen that we need a Stresemann in the White House."

The Tale of the Teapot

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

NOW that the first senatorial hearings on the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve affair have been completed, and now that all the star witnesses have shed their full if not their final rays upon the subject, it becomes possible for the first time to tell in assured detail and in coherent sequence the total story of the policy and behavior of the United States Government in the management of its naval oil estate, called the Teapot Dome, in Wyoming.

The first character in the story is President Roosevelt. He gave support and prestige to the policy of the conservation of oil in the ground for the use of the government at some future time when the customary commercial supplies of oil might be insufficient and when some great impending national emergency might demand a governmentally reserved and controlled abundant source of fuel for our fighting ships.

The second character in the story is President Wilson. Out of the Federal public domain in Wyoming he set aside for exclusively naval purposes a reserve called commonly the Teapot Dome and called technically Naval Oil Reserve Number Three.

The third character is Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels. He stood resolutely on the rights of the United States Government in Naval Oil Reserve Number Three and also in all of our other naval oil reserves, totaling five; and he refused to budge from those rights, when attacked by private citizens urging private claims upon naval oil-reserve lands. Under him the policy of the Navy Department was to resist private claims by every possible resource of administrative action in the government departments and by every possible resource of legal defense in the courts. Under him, at one time, when a certain other member of the Cabinet proposed to make a surrender of naval oil land to a private claimant without a fight, President Wilson told that other Cabinet member that any such behavior on his part would mean his resignation.

The stage thus having been set and the preliminary dialogue having thus been delivered, the fourth and final great character of the play was ready to make his entrance. This character is Albert B. Fall. Mr. Fall, as a Senator of the United States, had evidenced a great interest in conservation. His interest in it was that he disapproved of it. It was his view that the public domain of the United States should go as rapidly as possible into private hands.

Mr. Fall's first feat as Secretary of the Interior was to provide the State Department and the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate with the oil-exploitation motives and arguments which led to the ratification of our $25,000,000 treaty with Colombia. Mr. Fall, as a Senator of the United States, had taken the position that the United States owed nothing to Colombia for any alleged violation of the national rights of Colombia in the matter of the setting up of the Republic of Panama in the days of President Roosevelt. Mr. Fall, as a Senator of the United States, had sided with the memory of Theodore Roosevelt against the claim of Colombia. As Secretary of the Interior, however, he perceived before him a divided duty. On the one hand there was the memory of Theodore Roosevelt which he had defended. On the other hand there was the opportunity on behalf of American oil interests to get from Colombia a new and open era of oil concessions. Mr. Fall chose oil.

He sent to the United States Senate a document in which the oil holdings of British oil companies in Colombia were listed; and in this document it was erroneously alleged that these holdings were holdings of the British Government; and on that argument, and in the openly admitted hope that for $25,000,000 out of the public treasury of the United States the Colombian Government would give oil concessions to the oil companies of the United States, the Colombia Treaty was passed.

Having thus demonstrated his willingness, at any cost to what he had once regarded as national honor, to secure oil concessions for oil companies, Mr. Fall was then picked out by Secretary of the Navy Denby to be made the managing master of the navy's oil reserves with this country. Known to be an anti-conservationist, and known to have been willing to take $25,000,000 out of the United States treasury to buy an entrance for American oil companies into the public domain of Colombia, he was made the supervisor of the navy's public domain in the United States.

This honor, however, was not heaped upon him by its own spontaneous gravitation toward him. He sought it. He wrote the order transferring the control of the naval

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oil reserves from the Navy Department to the Department of the Interior. He composed a letter for the Secretary of the Navy to sign, transmitting that order to the President to be signed.

Admiral Griffin, chief of the Navy Department's Bureau of Engineering, in charge of the naval oil reserves, objected to the transfer. Commander Stewart, in immediate management of the reserves, objected. No naval officer technically familiar with the naval oil-reserve situation is reported to have concurred in the transfer. Nevertheless Mr. Denby, choosing between the proved advice of his technically experienced officers and the proved passion of Mr. Fall for getting public lands into private hands, transmitted the order for the transfer on Mr. Fall's behalf to President Harding, who signed it on May 3, 1921.

Approximately one year later, on April 7, 1922, Mr. Fall leased the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve to Mr. Harry Sinclair. For two weeks thereafter he made no announcement of his action. He then announced it only in reply to an urgent communication to him from Senator Kendrick of Wyoming who had heard rumors of such an action and who wished to know if those rumors were correct.

Mr. Fall, admitting that they were correct, lifted for the first time the curtain of secrecy behind which his action had been consummated. It then simultaneously appeared that the lease, besides being secret, had been non-competitive. No bids by others than Mr. Sinclair were disclosed. *Mr. Sinclair, by himself, and in the dark, on his merits as oil man, as campaign contributor, as friend, and as hospitable owner of a private car suitable for personal conferences, had become the sudden owner of the total right to drill oil-wells over the whole of the Teapot Dome.*

Then, after the event, came the setting forward of the alleged reason for it. This reason was, and is, that oil is said to be leaking out of the Teapot Dome Naval Oil Reserve into wells located on other federally owned public land just outside the Reserve. The Department of the Interior had granted the permits for the drilling of those wells. It itself had permitted and procured the activities responsible for the draining of oil out of the navy's reserved oil supply. It itself had authorized this indirect and partial loss of that supply. Its contention thereupon was, and is, that the loss should become direct and total.

Geological testimony adduced before the Public Lands Committee of the Senate in the course of its Teapot Dome hearings has been strongly to the effect that straight across the Teapot Dome there is a "fault" which protects a certain considerable part of it from leakage. The leakage from the remaining part of it was alleged by geological testimony to be likely to be perhaps not more than 25 per cent. It was convincingly demonstrated that there was a strong technical possibility that if the total oil content of the Teapot Dome is 25,000,000 barrels, then not more than 4,000,000 barrels of it was in danger of flowing away into the private wells on the adjoining public domain.

It now appears that from the wells which on adjacent public domain are draining oil out of the Teapot Dome the government gets royalties averaging from 25 to 50 per cent of the flow, whereas from the wells which Mr. Sinclair has sunk in the Teapot Dome itself the government is getting royalties averaging less than 20 per cent. From the standpoint of income in oil for the government it thus appears that the government was better off when the oil was coming to the surface in the wells which were called a "menace" to the Teapot Dome than it is now when the oil is coming to the surface within the Teapot Dome in Mr. Sinclair's wells.

It further appears that perhaps two-thirds of the oil which Mr. Sinclair will pay to the government in royalties will not remain in the possession of the navy in the form of oil. Perhaps two-thirds of it will be paid back to Mr. Sinclair by the navy for some tanks in which to keep the remaining one-third of it.

It has been customary for the Navy Department, when it feels in need of tanks or of guns or of battleships or of money with which to pay its employees, to ask Congress for it. It has also been customary to believe that when the people of the United States gave the Navy Department a lot of oil in the ground of the public domain, it gave it to the Navy Department to be a supply of oil and not to be a means by which it could purchase other supplies without going to Congress for authorization.

Under Mr. Fall's influence, however, the Navy Department proceeded to sign contracts for the building not only of tanks but also of docks and of channels leading to the docks on the basis of paying for these things with oil out of naval oil reserves. Thus not only was this oil taken out of the ground, where President Roosevelt had wished it to be left, but, having been taken out, a large part of it was spent, or will be spent, in acquiring things other than oil and in escaping the customary legalistic squeamish necessity of going to Congress for the people's consent to naval expenditures.

If in the Teapot Dome there were originally 25,000,000 barrels of oil, and if Mr. Sinclair now gets all of it out, the government, at the present running rate of royalties, will get—at the most—5,000,000 barrels. Of this 5,000,000 barrels, at the present running cost of materials, it will pay back to Mr. Sinclair some 3,333,000 barrels for tanks. It then in those tanks will have the residuum of its Teapot Dome inheritance—namely, some 1,666,000 barrels of oil out of an original total of 25,000,000; and it will have it not in the ground, where it would be totally safe to be used at some future time in the forms which that future time with new technical developments might unfold and require, but in metal containers in seashore positions and in manufactured forms and qualities which the technique of this passing and changing moment has fixed.

Either this result is an absurdity or else President Roosevelt, with his policy of naval oil conservation, was an idiot.

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Assistant Secretary of the Navy, did not make the decisions which have brought his father's naval oil policy to frustration, nor did he have knowledge of them while they were being made.

The Roosevelt naval oil conservation policy is dead, and the final stab given to it was by the same man who stabbed the Roosevelt justification of the Roosevelt Panama policy to the heart in the Colombian Treaty.

Senator Walsh of Montana, a member of the Senate's Public Lands Committee, a man of the deepest learning, a man of the highest personal probity, a man who morally is not capable of deception and who mentally is not capable of self-deception, has taken the leading part in the toilsome task of eliciting the pivotal facts from the chaos of the bewildering situation presented in testimony to the committee; and he has seemed to be moved toward entertaining the belief that possibly the contract leasing the Teapot Dome to Mr. Sinclair is illegal in that there was no competitive

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bidding for it and in that it includes provisions for the purchase of naval supplies—namely, tanks—not with money from Congress but with oil which already was naval property and which was not negotiable.

Meanwhile, however, Mr. Sinclair has long been at work drilling the Teapot Dome and draining oil from it; and Mr. Fall, having retired from office, has entered the employ of Mr. Sinclair and has visited Russia to induce the Russian Government to allow Mr. Sinclair to drain oil from the Russian public domain in Sakhalin.

Thus Mr. Fall departs from the story, carrying with him his well-known fear of a British world-wide monopoly in oil and having done something to exhaust our government's reserved supply of oil in its own country and having done nothing to acquire for it any other reserved supply; and if ever this country comes to be without oil while in Latin America north or south of Panama there still are undrained reservoirs of it, the ultimate chapter of our abandonment of our naval oil conservation policy will be written.

It will be written in intrigues and aggressions, diplomatic or military or both, to acquire abroad the naval fuel security which was ours for the keeping at home.

These United States—XLIII*

NEW MEXICO: A Relic of Ancient America

By ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

NEW MEXICO has an austere and planetary look that daunts and challenges the soul. In the East and the Middle West, the honors are nowadays relatively even between man and nature. In much of the West and the Southwest they are not, and in New Mexico the game is still so heavily loaded on nature's side that the life of the citizen is profoundly affected. Although the fourth of our States in area—three-fifths the size of France, with single counties as big as Wales or Scotland—New Mexico has a population smaller than that of many an American city. Evenly distributed, there would be about three persons to the square mile. In contrast to chill snow peaks, and mesas that drop starkly to rivers running naked in their canyons, the few little clusters of human habitations which the flowing mountain ranges have secreted at their bases seem as negligible as the burrows of the prairie dogs.

For all that, the State has fabricated out of soil, and climate, and racial stock a special brand of civilization, an individual pattern for life to run in that is of peculiar interest in the record of American States. The newest in the Union, it boasts two cultures as ancient as anything on our continent, as little modified by centuries and circumstance. It is still without the machinery of modern industrialism except in the depths of mines. Flocks and herds and agricultural crops support the greater part of its economic life. But many of the Indians and Spanish Americans, and even the now dominant fair-skinned settlers still live, in their vast colored solitude, as pioneers in space and time, more closely huddled together than New Englanders outside of big cities. The Pueblos are sheltered like monks in their walled villages and terraced community houses of sun-dried brick. The "Mexicans," in their intramontane valleys, which are often mere rock crevices with a mountain stream in the middle and the width of a fertile field of wheat on either side, set their little dice-like ranch houses end to end. Where their dwellings have space to be wider spreading, as in their Palestinian villages, they have a semi-fortified look; the same flat roof covers three or four generations, which cling together patriarchally. The old Spanish towns of importance, as one may discover in Santa Fe, were drawn tight about plazas and streets edged with colonnaded sidewalks, and their many religious and conventual buildings, which lift slated mansards to the blue sky, are as secretly inclosed as in France or Spain. Bernalillo, an old Spanish town, built on the site of an Indian pueblo where the army of Coronado made its first winter quarters, has an air of being religiously set in walls and gardens against the assaults of a dangerous universe. The genuinely frontier towns, like Gallup, near the Arizona line, important as trading centers for sheep or mining or Indian country, are no more than a raw street or two on the edge of infinity. Even Albuquerque, the only bustling modern city of any size, gives no effect of proud assertion: Sandia Mountain, floating above, carries off all the magnificence.

In an hour or two on horseback one may pass from the desert, with its dusty evanescent lights and pale lunar convulsions, through the rich green of an irrigated valley filled to the rim of its sandy pink foothills with corn or alfalfa, where mint and cottonwoods grow thick along the running ditches, and up into the virgin pine forest of the mountains, a place of blue-black shadow. Two or three more hours, and the high sheep range opens its vistas, fabulously vast, yet green and smooth and soft as an English park. Even in the desert, the purple vetches and petunias of early summer, the scented sheets of yellow that mark August and September, the gray-green sagey growths give color and fragrance to aridity. Owing to the altitude, nowhere less than 2,500 or 3,000 feet, tropical vegetation such as one finds in Arizona is lacking. Even the extreme south, along the Mexican border, is a land of perpetual summer. In the more northerly counties, like Taos and Santa Fe—the State capital is built at some 7,000 feet under the Sangre de Cristos, which rise to a jagged 14,000—snow may fall at any time between September and June, and spring winds blast the fruit blossoms; while summer sends to the ripening crops anything from torrential rains and cloudbursts to the most blasting drought. But somehow there is always enough hot sun and golden weather (there is the South of it) and enough zest in the brilliant air (there is the West of it) to keep the soul of the agricultural land alive, and brace men's hearts for new struggles.

Climatic adversity and violent human conflict have always been the lot of the natives, one learns from history and from the fascinating records of vanished races that lie on the scarred surface of the land—or just below. Besides the few that have been studied by the archaeologists in the last quarter-century, thousands of unexcavated cave and cliff ruins loom over the New Mexico canyons, giving the trans-

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planted Kansas farmer or the grocer of the Kiwanis Club an upsetting vision of human destiny. The Spanish records name many aboriginal populations which have wholly vanished today. When the florid Conquistadores—the bulk of them, the historians tell us, the younger sons of Spanish noblemen, sent out to make their fortunes—arrived in this country, about a century before the sober Pilgrims were landing on the gray New England rocks, the red man was, of course, in sole possession. The Conquistadores' chief objective was, unlike the Pilgrim's, frankly materialistic: treasure, first the supposed treasure of the Seven Cities of Cibola, from which the present pueblo of Zuni, in the western part of the State, descends. But these adventurers were genuine explorers, and the province claimed as New Mexico, in the name of the Spanish Crown and the Holy Catholic faith, by the strong arms of the generals and the determined devotion of the Franciscan friars, included, in 1700, what are now Arizona and Utah, most of Colorado, and parts of Kansas and Texas. The official figures of the population, in 1799, were 23,000 Spaniards and 10,000 Indians, living in missions.

Modern New Mexico history begins about 1821, when the province passed from Spain to Mexico, and the opening of the romantic overland route to the United States gave a region that had lived chiefly by its southern connections a trade outlet to the East. This was the moment when the names of Otero, Luna, Baca, Romero, Ortiz, and others famous in territorial history—some still to be reckoned with in State politics—came to the fore. The Mexican government made large grants of land to leading individuals. These reinforced the older Spanish grants, and the Spanish Catholic gentlemen, established, some of them by many previous generations, in their great ranch houses, with their patriarchal families, their great flocks and herds, their practically peon labor of their own racial stock, and their Indian "slaves," were, if not kings, at least barons in their own right. That picturesque and privileged and quasi-feudal system in land tenure, stock farming, government, which has carried over into the present social and political system of New Mexico, goes straight back to these gentry.

The American era, following the military occupation of General Kearney in 1846, and the treaty of Guadelupe Hidalgo, by which the territory passed to the United States, initiated a new struggle: the Spaniards, like the Indians before them—but with a much more bitter reluctance—had to yield moral and commercial sovereignty to a race backed with more money and resources than they could now put forward. It was a slow and gradual and subtle process. The country was wide and undeveloped beyond all avarice and exploitation. But as the pioneers of the Santa Fe trail, traders, miners, sheep ranchers, and the rest—quite as arrogant and unscrupulous and ready with the six-shooter as the Spanish settlers—filtered in, and later the building of the railroads introduced new elements of progress and competition, including "wild catting" in mines, the old Spanish families began to lose their supremacy and their land. The ones who did not must have been those in whom the sensitiveness of the Southern aristocrat had been thoroughly tempered by Western air and sun; who were not only tough enough to endure the competition of a race that esteemed itself superior, and adaptable enough to Americanize themselves, but shrewd enough to use their old prerogatives over the inarticulate mass of their own race to secure for themselves a new sort of political hegemony.

The fate of Arizona was joined to that of New Mexico till 1863, when the former became a separate territory, and both were admitted to statehood by the Enabling Act of 1910—New Mexico in 1912. But Arizona's greater pioneer remoteness from the capital of Santa Fe and the older Spanish settlements made her formative history rather different, and her burning modern problems are more involved with the mining industry than with the ancient prides, grudges, and traditions noted above. The superficial observer, savoring in New Mexico something more closely resembling European "atmosphere" than he finds elsewher in this country, does not at first realize the degree to which what may be called the Spanish complex influences the conscious and unconscious mind of the State. He will be surprised to discover that Spanish is more often heard than English in many country districts, and that he cannot bargain for a horse or a beautiful old hand-woven blanket or a night's lodging without the mediation of a child who has learned English at school. The State constitution provides that for twenty years after it goes into effect laws shall be published in both Spanish and English, and that no citizen shall be deprived of the right to vote or sit on juries or hold office because of his inability to write or speak English or Spanish. As a matter of fact, until very recently sessions of the legislature—in the memory of many opened with six-shooters—have been conducted in Spanish or bilingually, through a Spanish interpreter, and the interpreter is an important figure in the courts, where, though the judges are usually "American," the juries are preponderantly "Mexican." The Republicans attribute much of their success with the women voters to the fact that they send out Spanish-speaking women canvassers. Twenty counties are more than half Spanish in population, a few almost 100 per cent. Even the Pueblos, with five root languages of their own, and no love for the "Mexicanos," use the Spanish tongue commonly for inter-tribal communication.

That only the Indians are spiritually free in New Mexico is one of the paradoxes in which the State abounds. For of course they are at the bottom of the social scale. The man from Main Street (Santa Fe) loves to tell the Eastern tenderfoot that these lazy Indians own much land which sure ought to be in the hands of white men. As a matter of fact they own, or occupy on reservations, four million acres out of seventy-eight millions, while the private land grants, so useful to the cattle interests, validated by the Court of Private Land Claims, amount to six millions. There are some 20,000 Indians all told—the least of the tribes in numbers and importance being the once fearful Apaches, some of them the descendants of Geronimo, living on two reservations, the Jicarilla in the north and the Mescalero in the south central part of the State—which ex-Secretary Fall tried last year unsuccessfully by a venture of his own called in New Mexico "the spotted park bill"—to transform into a National Park. In the northwestern corner of the State live the Navajos, 9,000 of them—there are 25,000 Navajos on the entire reservation but only one corner of it lies in New Mexico—a race of nomadic sheep farmers speaking a language quite as difficult as ancient Greek, and so protected by canyons and sand that nobody had bothered much about them but the traders who make a profit from their wool and their fine blankets, and the white sheepmen who carried on a sort of border warfare over grazing rights till oil began to gleam like a jewel in their foreheads. The other large Indian unit, the Pueblos, have from a long time

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past been jealously regarded, through their ownership of rich agricultural grants scattered through the Rio Grande valley. They have suffered many encroachments upon both land and water from white and especially Spanish-American settlers; and by a deal put through by Fall and Bursum, through which the voters would greatly have profited, they would last year have lost forever but for the national uprising against the Bursum bill all the disputed portions of their territory. The New Mexico politicians still attribute their defeat to "paid propaganda." Meanwhile the Pueblos have never lost their poise in the universe of being. In the midst of these contending dominant races which they have watched this long while with appraising eyes, their balanced communal life, their beautiful primitive handicrafts go on. And their extraordinarily decorative dances and religious ceremonies, carried on in the sun-baked plazas against the Gauguinesque background of the mountains, seem to release from the tensions of altitude and climate the inner mystery and sensuous harmony of the immemorial earth.

The simple Spanish folk whom the Kansas colonist misprizes are also charming to look upon, with cherished and curious traditions dating far into the past. Winnowing their grain in baskets, weaving gay blankets on hand looms, dancing old folk dances, and singing old Spanish tunes to the tinkle of guitars, they look in their mountain villages, under the shadow of their great mission churches, as if they had just emerged from a peasant pastoral like their own Our Lady of Guadelupe; a miracle play given at Christmas in the dark-ceiled, whitewashed interiors. Hard working, or as much so as sun and *poco tiempo* will allow, seriously undernourished on a diet of beans and chile, honest and law-abiding and proudly independent on their ranches, they are harder to account for through the years and centuries, with the ascetic ardors of their Penitente rites, and the black shawls of their heads, than the Spanish-American aristocrat. Though they probably have a dash, acquired perhaps some time since, of Indian blood, they are in no way to be confounded with the peon Indian-Mexican of Old Mexico—nothing insults them so much as to be called anything less than the good Americans that they are. But the little wrinkled Don Quixotic person who smiles at one from his blue door, the señorita, so powdered in her hours of ease, who haunts the Santa Fe plaza, consider themselves bound by ties of true kinship to Nina Otero Warren, descendant of the Conquistadores, sister of the powerful Eduardo, high in Republican councils; herself the first New Mexico woman to run for Congress. And Nina Otero talks of them and loves them as "my people."

Ten years ago it was customary, in a certain valley—so the "white" farmers tell me—for the "native" voters to receive their ballots neatly marked and wrapped in a two-dollar bill, as they mounted the hill to the schoolhouse. Last year on the election day which gave the Democrats their unexpected landslide, the representative of a certain candidate was walking up and down in this schoolhouse, among husky farmers and black shawls, grumbling loudly: "What's the matter with these women? They've all had their five dollars——" After this somebody carried out the ballot-box and somebody else made a row. A stranger to New Mexico might misunderstand this little scene. He would be wrong. The Spanish-American usually votes as his father advises over the morning cigarette. And his father advises what the local Don advises, on the advice of his cousin in Santa Fe. The control of the Spanish-American vote by the Republican Party, which has usually held the balance of power, has been worked out through an elaborate "padrone" system in the counties and a strong Spanish-American leadership at the top, with men of the Bursum and Fall variety pulling the strings in the background. There is no saying that a greenback passes more often here than in New York City or that one party is more simon-pure than the other in this regard. As with Tammany, a job may be a return for a tribute of loyalty, given by those who for so many centuries took their orders from the patriarchal master of the hot heart and strong hand.

Surely much of what happens in New Mexico may be attributed to overweening nature. Mountains may set you free, like a Chinese sage, in the contemplation of Everlasting Truth, or they may merely project your giddy egotism into the empyrean, and then hurl it back into the timid harness of the taboos and privileges and prohibitions of a clan. New Mexico communities, in spite of the many benignant gifts of God, are dominated by spectral fears from which those who rub elbows under the shadow of skyscrapers are liberated. Free speech is undoubtedly less flourishing here than in Boston. Public opinion is likely to get snarled up in private personalities and "small-town stuff." Opposite factions do not sit down at the same table and discuss their differences. An Indian claim has never had a fair deal in the lower New Mexico courts. A gentleman of the Republican persuasion may be asked by his clan to renounce friendship with a sister turned Democrat. The real reason why the "artist" who now figures as a definite element in the social grouping is so resented by a certain type of average citizen is that he is an iconoclast who does not live according to Hoyle—who hesitates, perhaps (it is not so sure) to steal his neighbor's water, as ranchers habitually do, who likes, actually *likes* as human beings these Indians and Spanish people, and wants them to continue in their benighted ways; and gazes upon the purple land and breathes the crystalline air with no feeling but of sensuous enjoyment and spiritual liberation.

The nearest problem of the State is to assimilate the racial stocks without sacrificing their worth, to become progressive without cheapness. If the picturesque features, like Indian villages and Spanish missions, become as in California merely tourist attractions played up by hotelkeepers and chambers of commerce, the last fate of the Indian will be worse than his first and the rare distinction of the State will vanish away. And there is no telling what future developments in the rich and largely unexploited mining and oil fields will do to the civilization and the landscape. The archaeological possibilities of this region, where a pottery jar as fine as any in Crete can be had for the digging, have as yet scarcely been suggested. One can conceive of future schools of art and decoration, music and the theater, based on native strains, which would produce in pupils of Indian or Spanish or long-established American-Southwestern provenance a flowering of creative American expression of a totally new sort. The colonist artist or writer of today, struggling to present the violent images registered on brain or retina can point the way: no more. Before the ceremonial dance paintings of the young Pueblo painters which come straight out of instincts fundamental as the earth, they must bow their heads in reverence and say—here, classic still and luminous, is the pastoral of ancient America.

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The New Russian Women

By MAGDELEINE MARX

III. Aristocrats

"WELL, well, what is happening in France? Do tell me. It's so long since we've heard anything about Paris."

The Countess's chin emerges eagerly above a cameo, from which flows a cascade of black lace. She strokes the gray locks rebellious on her forehead and pats her skirt of black silk.

"I should prefer, Madame, to hear you tell me how you have managed to live during the past five years, what you have been doing——"

"Ah, don't speak of it. I can't tell you in words. It has been hell, nothing less, hell."

She observes the sincere sympathy in my face.

"Ah, the scoundrels, the low creatures. But it just occurs to me, Madame, and I am terribly sorry: perhaps you haven't had lunch yet? Please do me the honor of sharing my modest meal with me. Don't refuse, I shall be disappointed. Oh, I know that, in comparison with the dinners you enjoy in Paris, our own poor meal will seem pathetic to you. Dear me, where are the fine feasts of the old days! The table was set all day long in those days. Our friends could drop in at any hour, and all we had to say is help yourself. There were *hors d'œuvres*, smoked fish, caviar, ham, whole chickens, ten kinds of fish and five kinds of confitures, pancakes, watermelon, wine from the Caucasus—what wasn't there? And it was the same in every house that had any pride in its hospitality. Ah, one can well say that things have changed."

Despite myself, I yield to the voluble and energetic hospitality of the Countess and follow her into a room even more somber, in which a huge Renaissance chest, massive and imposing, seems to bar any further advance.

"Sit down, I beg you."

I sit down before a table covered with red and blue embroidery, at one end of which a samovar and its row of cups rise like an altar made of nickel and porcelain. My hostess reaches for a little bell on the table. A maid with hempen hair, who had opened the door for me, enters with two steaming plates, which she places before us.

While I sip the excellent soup, tasting of cream, the objects in the room, one by one, slowly emerge from the obscurity. Behind the Countess I descry a copper bed, covered with a garnet counterpane and piled with a profusion of richly hued cushions. Nearby, an Empire bookcase, crammed with books in disarray, and on it I discern the turquoise glint of two Persian vases. Before the bookcase, three arm-chairs in red plush in close file and somewhat hidden by gilded chairs, graceful and handsome, like those one sees in a ballroom.

"Imagine how we have to live," exclaims the Countess, with her spoon indicating her surroundings. "Three rooms to live in. How can we manage it, we who were accustomed to our four drawing-rooms? My husband sleeps here, in the dining-room," she adds, her spoon indicating the bed, "while I have to make the most of a couch in the adjoining room. Ah, believe me, it isn't very amusing. Things are a little better than they were. But at first! I often wonder how we ever survived it."

I scarcely dare ask the question that comes to me. "Perhaps you have lost some of your dearest——?"

"No, Heaven be praised, all my family is safe. Some of them have even been able to escape and find refuge abroad. But everything has been taken from us, you understand, everything. We owned vast estates, near Tambov, and they parceled them out to the peasants. We owned a superb estate, with a huge park, two hours' distance from here. They turned it into an orphan asylum. And all my jewels. My maiden name was R——, perhaps you know it. My mother owned an emerald diadem and a pearl necklace which were famous. Well, they took those, too. And even my husband's books. He was a great collector, but they did not spare his rarest books. Our gold and our bonds: believe me, everything!"

The silent servant, who has placed before us on the table a plate of chops à la Pojarski and an enormous platter of potatoes has vanished again. But the eyes of the Countess are lost in retrospection still.

"And the persecution!"

I ask: "You were imprisoned?"

"No, thank Heaven, we were spared that, too. But think of it, for eighteen months I didn't undress once during the night. All night long, with our ears at the keyholes—can you imagine what that is? To think that, at any moment, we might be placed under arrest. And the searches: three times in two months."

My hostess is so engrossed in her tragic memories that she empties the whole jar of marmalade into her beautiful Saxony plate. How can I discreetly ask the question which has been in my thoughts? As though she had divined it, she resumes: "Poor Serge, he has changed so. Work, at his age. Earn his bread, when we owned one of the biggest fortunes in Russia. He is now curator of the F—— Museum, did you know? He is so busy just now with the new catalogue he is preparing."

And then, with the quick transition of thought so characteristic of the Russians: "By the way, Madame, if you care for Russian music, do us the honor to come tomorrow night to the home of Princess D——. Twice a month (she has been lucky enough to retain her big drawing-room) we have a concert at her home. Many people go there. Two million rubles per person. Would you like a ticket? You'll hear a young woman sing Moussorgsky's child songs as you've never heard them sung before."

I accept. She is delighted. And I see an opportunity to probe deeper into the matters I want to know about. "But how do all these women, your friends, manage to live?"

"Madame, some of them are in a frightful situation. Perhaps you have heard speak of the Countess Ch——?" The name she utters has traversed the whole history of Russia. "The Counts Ch—— in the thirteenth century possessed larger estates, owned more jewels, had authority over more lives than the Czars themselves. Well, she herself, who was mistress of whole provinces and of marble palaces, now lives in the cellar of one of her own houses.

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Her cook lived there before. And she, I can assure you, has remained a fighter. There are some who have yielded, but she—they offered her employment, quite important positions, but never, never will she accept anything from the Bolsheviki. She would rather die than eat their bread."

"Still, one must eat."

"Alas, yes, one must eat. What can she do? She sells what little has been left to her: precious tapestries, rare jewels, silver, works of art, everything. I know that the extent of her possessions in the old days would dazzle your imagination, but just the same there is an end to everything, and the day will come when she will have nothing left."

"And the strangest thing of all," continues the old lady, her eyelids narrowing venomously, "is that all the six children of the Countess Ch—— are now in the employ of the Soviets."

"They have been converted?"

"Oh, no, how can you say that? But, after all, they are youngsters, and, as you said, one must live."

Night has now invaded the room. The volubility of the Countess is suddenly exhausted. In the silence I hear the soft hiss of steaming water-drops falling into a large silver bowl from the faucet of the samovar.

"Off?"

"Yes, yes, off. Off for Stettin!"

Softly the boat turns, leaves a curved trail in the ice-gray water of the Neva, and speeds toward the point of Vassilievski Ostrov. Already, to the left, the Admiralty and the Winter Palace melt in the mist. Once more the six old ladies, who seem to have stepped out of a Turgenev novel, wave a final adieu to the Lilliputian group on the pier. Petrograd disappears.

The women have found their seats in the dining-saloon. The oldest of them has kept on her wide cape of black material lined with squirrel over her homespun tailor-made suit padded with numberless sweaters, and she is so bulky that she had to be assisted to squeeze into her chair. All the others have made a hasty toilette: one, with a graceful carriage, has on a hooded cloak, and on the bosom of her neighbor there ripples a jabot fastened with a crown set with perfect diamonds. The smallest of the women is really charming: erect, winsome, she smiles as though she were asking pardon for breathing, even for existing.

"Our nightmare is over at last!" cries the woman in the hooded cloak. "I can hardly believe it."

"Those are the two Baronesses M——," whispers my neighbor, indicating the woman who has just spoken and another whose blotched face is framed in a black mantilla. "They were often guests at Court, and they were very close to the imperial family."

"To be able to say at last what we really think! Nothing to fear! To be able to tell them the truth abroad, tell them what we saw with our own eyes!" exclaims the young woman with the bilious countenance. Exclamations intermingle. Now in pure French, now in German, now in accentless English—never in Russian—the conversation rises almost to the point of exaltation. The bosoms of the elder women puff, their eyes shine: "What will you have, Alexandra? I'll take wine. I want to drink to a day that I never expected to live to see. Waiter, a bottle of Bordeaux."

They impress me as a witness. "We suffered so much."

"Tell me."

"My dear woman, it was death. Submission to the laws of the lower classes! To see in their eyes the disgusting triumph of brutes who can be inspired only by vodka and the whip! We had to do our own cooking, can you imagine: we had to do it ourselves!"

"I had a rare collection of miniatures," interrupts the winsome young woman. "They took it away. I understand they put it in the Hermitage Museum at Petrograd."

"And what meals," the younger of the baronesses resumes. "*Kasha*, potatoes, and tea—for five years. And there were times when we had to run our own errands."

"And all they have done, the brutes. Ah, if you had seen our lovely St. Petersburg—before. They have destroyed everything, everything. The Czar's handsome palace. They have pillaged it, defiled, ruined it."

I begin to feel uncomfortable. The previous day I had spent four hours at the Winter Palace. I saw the White Room, the Gold Room, and the Silver Room, all absolutely intact. I saw the imperial dining-room with its musical chandelier and its dull silver samovar. I saw the rooms of the Grand Duchesses, with their blue enamel Easter eggs and their ikons crowding one upon the other. I saw the dressing-room of the Czarina, with its faded pastels, her dressing-table set in a background of vaporous mousseline, her pin-cushions covered with Valenciennes lace. I saw the Czar's study, with its banal furniture, its tasteless seascapes hung on the walls, the books with infantile illustrations which he liked to skim, the ivory writing-set and jade objects, gifts of the Empress; and, on his large table, with the pens, pencils, and pads he used, the dull array of family photographs, from which emerges prominently one of the Czarina, inscribed: "Your ever loving Alix." I saw all this, and I report the fact timidly.

"It isn't true," the Baroness interrupts angrily.

"I can well understand your speaking so calmly, Madame," says the winsome little woman, sweetly speaking up to cover my error. "You are a Frenchwoman. They haven't tortured you."

"Whom do you mean by they: Lenin, Trotzky?"

"Lenin, Trotzky, who are they?"

Amazed, I ask: "What, haven't you——"

"Never. I've never allowed anyone to speak of them, never wanted to hear their names mentioned. I don't want to know who they are. I know they are a band of Jews, of murderers, of scoundrels, and that's enough for me."

"It's true," ventures the winsome little woman, "we refuse to read their infamous newspapers. We forbid those around us to tell us what is happening. They could only tell us of pillage and bloodshed, isn't it so? We succeeded in creating a little circle which nothing from outside penetrated: just we and an old servant. It was this secluded life and the comfort of prayer which pulled us through."

I ask them more questions. I hear that the schools, which I inspected for two months, have all been closed; that the theaters, which I attended almost every evening, have all been burned down; that Tverskaya Street in Moscow, where I spent the most peaceful days of my visit in Russia, was the scene of daily machine-gun slaughter. When, in order to draw them out, I mention historical facts, I see about me seven human beings, seven cultured women, more ignorant of the events of the past five years in Russia than the dullest peasant of France.

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In the Driftway

AS he has remarked before, the Drifter is opposed to generalizations, particularly about men and women. When he hears that men are strong and women are beautiful, he thinks of the Powerful Katinka and the Discus Thrower. He refuses either to hold with that large group, whose theories are admirably illustrated by Trust Company advertisements which tell a sad story of a man's fortune dissipated in five years because his wife was too inexperienced and ignorant of business, or with the smaller and more select group of which Mr. Mencken is the spokesman at present, whose contention is that women do not generally go into business because they recognize its essential triviality, but that when they do, they sweep the men off the boards. He is opposed to generalizations. And yet, as he passes St. Paul's churchyard to his lunch every day, he sees a curious sight: the spellbinders are there, the sweating soul-savers, beating the air in the name of Christianity or their particular version of it; and in the crowd which daily presses around the frenzied speaker he has, in two years, seen not more than at most three women amid the scores of men.

* * * * *

HE will not pretend to interpret this scene. Let those who wish to draw deductions from external observation say that the absence of women at these gatherings proves that women are not curious or anxious for new experience, or that they are too sensible to waste time. Either of these things may be true, or neither. The spellbinders remain. Every day they begin their harangue in a moderately loud voice, urging the doctrine of salvation through publicity, and every day as their audience—their male audience—increases they become more heated: their collars are torn, their eyes roll, their accents are wild and shrill. The climax is usually reached when some member of the crowd volunteers to kneel with the preacher and be prayed over personally, and publicly. There is of course a certain passage which says: "And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are; for they love to pray standing . . . in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward."

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not one to begrudge them any reward they may get. For the world is made up of many persons doing different things. There is, for example, the gentleman who at this moment is engaged in walking backwards from the Atlantic Coast to San Francisco. He breezed into a little Virginia town the other day carrying a mirror in his hand to see his road with, and in the company of a friend who, although progressing in the usual way, was watching to see that he did not cheat. He explained that it was easy enough to make ten miles a day walking backwards; the strain was not on his legs but it was "mental": mostly because of the hundreds of persons daily who asked questions about his strange behavior. The Drifter is opposed to generalizations. Accordingly he will be willing to wager that in the crowds which lined the roadside and hurled interrogation or even derision at this crab-like creature there were fully as many women as men.

THE DRIFTER.

Correspondence

[Letters to the Editor should ordinarily not exceed 500 words, and shorter communications are more likely to be printed. In any case the Editor reserves the right to abridge communications.]

Some Sins of Omission

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: How could Dreiser write an entire article on Indiana and never once mention the name of its greatest man, Eugene V. Debs?

San Francisco, October 12 MIRIAM ALLEN DE FORD

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Dreiser's article on Indiana from an idealistic—if not realistic—standpoint could not have been improved upon. A politician would not have treated the State so kindly. The author's modesty in not mentioning the fact that his brother wrote the song "On the Banks of the Wabash" may be excused but not the careless omission of James Buchanan Elmore, the "Bard of Alamo," who wrote that immortal poem "The Monon Wreck."

Washington, D. C., October 15 AGNES E. BECKER

"The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "King's at the Mansion; and nobody ain't gwine to pull him from there!"

This is the slogan that has won for the Republic of Liberia a continuance of her laisser-aller policy, and has placed the Hon. Charles Dunbar King, for a further four years, definitely in the presidential chair.

But will Liberia be a land of Negro government for even that short period of time? Can America and Europe afford to allow a bankrupt people, with no healthy scheme of self-regeneration, to remain longer in the rut? No roads, no telegraphs, no railways, a postal-system that permits the President, at his own autocratic will, to intercept and destroy private correspondence, corruption on the bench, a depleted indigenous population, as the direct result of a cold-blooded policy of exporting "labor" (for the sake of head money) to other parts of West Africa, victimization of "white" residents, and everywhere a state of chicanery, deception, tyranny, and lying—this is Liberia.

Mr. King has held the reins since the beginning of 1920. If he is to hold them for another four years, little hope would seem to remain that the Liberian community can sustain self-government. For the republic is worse than bankrupt—it is consciously fraudulent!

The People's Party, with the Hon. S. G. Harmon at its head, has suffered an overwhelming defeat. I watched the election on the first day of last May—from the vantage-ground of the piazza at Grand Bassa, directly overlooking the polling booth. Early in the day there arrived in the town hordes of aborigines from the interior. These were naked, most of them, save for a narrow strip of cloth about the loins. They all carried thick sticks, as though prepared to contest their right to vote by weight of force. As they surged past the bungalow they were singing, in monotonous minor key, their local chanties. Gangs of this kind continued to appear throughout the morning. They were invariably led by one or the other of Mr. King's adherents. These Liberian conductors would see them safely past the window of the polling booth.

Representatives of the People's Party stood around the inclosure, sullenly acquiescent in the utilization of the "native" vote. They had not been apprised of this maneuver of Mr. King's party until toward the end of the period of preparation. They had—reluctantly—adopted the same method of voting;

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but it was too late for them to equalize the scale, especially as these natives' votes were all admittedly "bought."

The People's Party was out for a complete change in government policy. Mr. Harmon has behind him long business experience as a merchant. Mr. Faulkner, the proposed Vice-President, is a progressive American Negro. To him, and him alone, the capital (Monrovia) owes what little electric-power plant is to be found within the borders of the republic. Harmon and Faulkner, in partnership, might have saved the sinking ship. Meanwhile, Liberia is only a Gilbertian travesty of the boast "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here!" For savage mobs, bribed by government money, marshaled by suborned officials, and fully determined to maintain the autocratic rule of Mr. King, may not be regarded as an honorable electorate.

In such circumstances we can only wait—and watch the march of events.

Grand Bassa, Liberia, May 30 J. M. STUART YOUNG

An Editorial Suggestion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am very much interested in *The Nation* and any other paper in the world which prints the truth and is not kept by some faction, whatever that faction may be. I believe in free speech, and when I say "free speech" I mean *free* with no "but I don't think they ought to print that" added to it and no "ifs" and "ands." I would like to see *The Nation* or some other liberal publication in the home of every American, and it is only a question, If they got it would they have intelligence enough to understand it, and if they had intelligence enough to understand it would they read it?

In this campaign of mine to put *The Nation* in the home of every American, and gradually the whole English-speaking world, there is certain information which I would like to have, and it is as follows:

1. A history of the liberal press in America from earliest times, and I suggest that Ludwig Lewisohn be commissioned to write it.

2. A story of the various writers of *The Nation*, just as Barron's *Financial Weekly* has stories about financiers every week. Let us start, for instance, with Mr. Villard, of whom we of the Great Unwashed know nothing. Tell the truth about him; tell how he has worked on *The Nation* and in the cause of free speech these many years without the payment of a single penny, but also, if he happens to be so broadminded on the Negro question, for instance, that he is narrow, tell that also. Write about Upton Sinclair and tell of his courage, but if you think he is a four-flusher, as I do, then include that also. Write about Ludwig Lewisohn and say that he is the greatest writer of the English language in America today and among its greatest thinkers, but if he wrote too pretty a story of Germany and a little too mean a story of America, then say so. Let this story of the various members of the staff of *The Nation* be like the stories of the States. Let them come one after another and let the writer of them be as bitter as he pleases. We want to know *The Nation* and its writers and its history. I want *The Nation* to prosper and have a circulation of 10,000,000. And when that happens, there'll be no Mussolini, Ku Klux Klan, Kaiser, Woodrow Wilson, Poincaré, Negro agitator, Volstead, Senator Lodge, or Commander Owsley of the American Legion.

San Antonio, Texas, September 27 JAMES FONTAINE

A Worthy Candidate

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Being less of a "cook" than you are yourself, I am not at all prepared to talk on the subject of what is a typical American dinner. But in your suggestions you omitted corned beef and cabbage or, as it is getting to be known, "Jiggs Special." Am I mistaken about the nationality of this famous dish?

Barnesville, Ohio, October 25 S. L. DAVIS

Books

Ludwig Lewisohn

By LUDWIG LEWISOHN

I HAVE a very thoughtful friend who is always pointing out what seems to him a discrepancy in my activities. He says that I am a radical in my notions about life and a classicist in my notions about literature. My answer is that he is quite right, that I accept the imputation and glory in it, provided, of course, that I am permitted to define my terms.

A radical is one who insists that men shall live by the use of reason. (He means it. He does not stop using his reason when he is suddenly confronted by some particularly hoary and disreputable prejudice, taboo, superstition. It is at that point that he insists all the more on using his reason. Even at the risk of hurting some one's feelings. For by sparing this, for the moment, imaginary antagonist's feelings our radical gives that antagonist the continued privilege of spreading ruin and feeling righteous.)

A classicist is one who has accepted the teaching of the history of literature that the fundamental character of art-form is determined by the medium and the nature of man. (Art is communication. It must be intelligible. Therefore it must be articulate. There are irreducible minima of articulate intelligibility. Where these do not exist art has not yet begun to be. Gertrude Stein has not transcended the traditions of art. She has not yet reached them. *Note:* If terms and the things they stand for are to mean anything and we are to have poetry and prose then the *fundamentum differentionis* is the presence in poetry of a perceptible recurrence of similar rhythm-groups. . . . No, this is not pedantic. It is only exact.)

I am, then, a radical and a classicist. And, humble as I am, I am in amazingly good company—Plato, Euripides, Montaigne, Milton, Shelley, Goethe, Nietzsche. . . .

I knew from the beginning that I would please no one. While I was a university teacher my colleagues thought me dangerous, subversive, prone to defend the new, the revolutionary in life and letters. Now, on the other hand, my past is thrown up at me. Among dramatic critics I am thought of as academic. When I write fiction I am told that I am a licentious fellow. It is all inevitable enough; it is often amusing. There is nothing for me to do but serenely to accept the penalties of my position. For the plain truth is this: People in our time and country are not accustomed to have those who think know anything and they are even less accustomed to having one who knows try to think. The radicals have read nothing written before 1900; the university men vote the Republican ticket and walk humbly in the sight of their trustees and their God. . . .

So much for my central position which I felt it more or less of a duty to define. Now for the more strictly personal, indefinable, elusive things. For criticism, too, is art. . . .

It is borne in upon me more and more that I am something of a simpleton. I can grasp everything in Plato and in the second part of "Faust." What I read there corresponds to my experience of both the soul and the world. I cannot understand even one-half of what is written in, let me say, the prose of Mrs. Virginia Woolf or the verse of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. I keep wondering whether others do or whether they don't care. When I don't want to understand I listen to music. When I read literature I insist on understanding. Do my friends deceive themselves? Or do I deceive myself into thinking they deceive themselves in order to save my vanity as a man and a critic? At all events I am more and more tempted to flee from the works of the very subtle and the neo-mystical to works that I can understand. Mr. Lawrence's poetry can drive me as far back as Pope and Horace; the new mystics—including such great writers as Jacob Wassermann—as far back as Swift and Hume. It is hopeless. I can't get away from my combination—radical and classicist.

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As a simple person I should possess the immunities of my temper and my limitations. I don't. I am often told that I am too intricate and profound. Or else that I ape intricacy and profundity. In brief, I am known here and there as a vicious "highbrow." And that is always, I observe, when I say things that seem obvious and plain and incontrovertible to me. Here are some of them:

If a book or a play isn't, in the ultimate sense, a work of art—isn't the translation of first-hand experience into creative form and vision—it isn't worth reviewing.

But if it is—then it is inviolable. The critic shouldn't tinker, advise, or, in the ordinary sense, find fault. For, in that ordinary sense, a work of art has no faults. Works of art differ as faces differ in beauty, intelligence, significance. But each human face is that face. Each authentic work of art is that work of art. It has grown in its author's mind and soul as a child grows in its mother's womb. I do not wish to reduce that truth to the absurd. Nearly every truth can be so reduced. But before every work of art, however humble, I try to be passive, to discover what the author willed to do, to project. . . . I don't talk past books or plays or poems. People are constantly talking past my own books. They establish no inner contact with them. They read as they run and then tell what *they* think, what they would have done, what they would have had me do. If I have one aim as a critic it is that no author shall accuse me of that carelessness, arrogance, impertinence. If I cannot get under the skin of a work of art I leave it alone.

If I err, if I do not always follow my own counsel perfectly, it is because, as time goes on, I care less and less for art in its more abstract forms and more and more for life. I am too preoccupied to be held by anything that approaches the decorative. It is the remediable moral suffering in the world that crowds my vision—the remediable moral suffering, remediable by a little hard thinking, a little tolerance, a little more goodness, a little less righteousness. If I write a criticism it is to further that supreme end; if I write a novel it is to further the same end. Is that bad criticism and bad art? It may be because I am a bad critic and a bad artist. It is not because my method and my aim are at fault. For the same aim and method were and are the aim and the method of Isaiah and Euripides, Hauptmann and Shaw. The greatest art has always sought to lessen the evils that are under the sun. But I am only I and this city is only this city and the great choices being taken from me I have a little choice left. If that little choice is indeed all I have I do not hesitate. Shall I be a fairly accomplished aesthete or a pamphleteer? A pamphleteer, by all means. Even a pamphleteer needn't write ill. Lessing was one, Swift another.

[*The next in this series of articles on critics by themselves, H. L. Mencken, by H. L. Mencken, will appear in* The Nation *for December 5.*]

Personality and the Press

Some Newspapers and Newspapermen. By Oswald Garrison Villard. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

THERE has been in the last few years a notable increase in the number of books dealing with public opinion in its formation and expression. Obviously this is a result of the war, in which we had the experience of finding ourselves moving under the impulse of mass currents in a direction quite opposite to that prescribed by our national character and tradition, and to a destination which we could never, as individuals, have desired or chosen. We have become curious as to the processes of social psychology by which we were controlled. The war has educated public opinion into self-consciousness. Naturally a prime object of our consideration is the daily press.

Mr. Villard's book has a more modest aim than Mr. Lippmann set himself in his study of public opinion as an organism. It has a more limited objective than Mr. Upton Sinclair's attempt to psychoanalyze the press in "The Brass Check." "Some Newspapers and Newspapermen," as its title announces, is a study of the great dailies of the country in the light of their origin, history, environment, political and financial affiliations, and of the men who made and control them. It is a series of character sketches, in which each newspaper is a personality, expressed in the lineaments of its headlines and make-up and also in its behavior. It is a survey of elements of immense importance in our social life, and is comparable in scope to that study of municipalities made twenty years ago by Mr. Lincoln Steffens.

It is to be said at the outset that Mr. Villard is unusually well fitted for his task. He inherited the ownership of a great newspaper. No one ever questioned his journalistic ability or his high view of the responsibilities of the profession, to which he was willing to sacrifice material success. Since his retirement from the field he has occupied a favorable position for observation, and he has supplemented that observation with intelligent study of underlying conditions. It might be feared that Mr. Villard would write of his one-time rivals with bitterness or scorn. His judgments, it is true, are severe, but who will say that they are not just? Who will deny his indictment of the New York *Times:* "No journal has exceeded it in disseminating falsehoods, misrepresentations, and half truths during the unparalleled era of wholesale lying in which the whole world has lived since 1914"? Who can gainsay his comment on the *Public Ledger:* "The newspaper which dwells alongside the *Saturday Evening Post*, for all its excellent qualities and features, is without originality or distinction, and without a soul"? Yet the characters in Mr. Villard's drama are not all villains; and if he has no heroes he sees with admirable clearness the journalistic ideal and sets it forth with real eloquence.

In only a few matters, it seems to me, Mr. Villard's personal sympathy or animus has led him astray. The Minnesota *Daily Star* is a paper with 6,250 owners, and, as Mr. Villard says, "its success is of enormous moment to the cause of good journalism everywhere." Yet the 6,250 owners were powerless when "the dominating force," Thomas Van Lear, dismissed Herbert E. Gaston from the editorship. Mr. Villard attributes Mr. Gaston's departure to "a clash of personalities." It was more than that—it was a clash of principles. In the interest of the experiment of a newspaper with distributed ownership the whole story should have been told. Similarly the story of Fremont Older's departure from the San Francisco *Bulletin* and his engagement with Hearst's *Call* and *Post* is passed over. Clearly, Mr. Older felt that he could serve his public through the Hearst connection. Mr. Villard apparently disagrees, but he sheers away from the issue. This omission is the more striking when contrasted with the way in which he attacks Norman Hapgood for accepting service under Hearst, not as the editor of a daily, but as a writer and editor of a monthly. Mr. Villard's hatred of Hearst dates from the days when he, and other respectable editors, were trying to play the game according to rules which Hearst would not recognize. He sees Mr. Hapgood with sorrow rather than anger, as a lost leader. "Just for a handful of silver he left us." Nevertheless, from the absolutist point of view, Mr. Hearst looks a good deal like the others. From Mr. Villard's own pages it is permissible to conclude that Mr. Ochs and his *Times* are a greater and more subtle public danger than the Hearst press. And after all the sauce for Mr. Hapgood's goose is equally appropriate for Mr. Older's gander.

Undoubtedly the chief interest in Mr. Villard's book is in the narratives of successful struggle and the vivid portraits which lend to his subjects the interest of drama and character. He shows how practically all the great newspapers of this country owe their origin to some dominating individual, the New York *Times* to Ochs, the *World* to Pulitzer, the *Herald* to Bennett, the Chicago *Tribune* to Medill, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to Watterson, the Kansas City *Star* to Nelson. Most of these, like the Italian condottieri, founded institutions which after their death continued to bear the impress of their personalities, and left power which under their successors tends to become diffused into a system. It is the glimpses which Mr.

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Villard gives of this system which make his book significant as a social study.

One of the first generalizations which the reader will make is the fact that news is now a commodity, valuable primarily for its salability, selected according to what editors think is public taste, and set forth with window dressing, counter displays, and advertising as in all other merchandising. And as in merchandising, the demand creates the supply, and the supply in turn is made the occasion of an artificial demand. The public wants certain goods, including trash and scandal and lies; the newspaper exists as a vast machine for purveying these goods, and the appetite of the public, particularly for trash, etc., grows by what it feeds on. The peculiar menace of the newspaper is that it is in this respect like an insidious habit-producing drug. The newspaper owner has it in his power to extend indefinitely the appetite of the public for wares which he has a special concern in marketing. He can make his readers desire and expect atrocities from Germany, follies from Russia, conspiracy and treason in America; and when his reader is intoxicated with this stuff he can sell him a war or a Red Raid.

Mr. Villard is not bound to suggest a remedy for this state of things and he does not do so. He is sympathetic toward experiments in diffused or cooperative ownership, but his training has disposed him to think of the power of the press in personal terms, and his hope for the future is in an appeal to personal leadership. This gives significance in his closing chapters on E. L. Godkin and W. L. Garrison. One suggestion of social value is implicit in his pages. He notes frequently that great increase of circulation has been accompanied by a decline of influence in local affairs; that the opinions and advice of such papers as the New York *Times* and the Chicago *Tribune* and the Louisville *Courier-Journal* no longer are decisive in respect to matters within the scope of the personal knowledge of their readers. It is possible to hope that in respect to matters of national and international concern, where the falsifications of the press are most disastrous, the public may, by painful education, acquire the protection of this skepticism, and learn by the development of a kind of reader's sense to make automatically the adjustments necessary to distinguish between news and propaganda. In that case, we could afford to take the newspapers and newspapermen more lightly, and Mr. Villard could write about them more cheerfully than at present.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Tales of Revolt

Robert Gregory. The History of a Little Soul. By John Owen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.

Holiday. By Waldo Frank. Boni and Liveright. $2.

IN an article on the spirit of America after the war Mr. Stephen Graham discussed the growing regimentation and stratification of society in the United States. "America is more like England in this respect," he wrote. "Men begin to be in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call them." However, we have not yet reached that static state of business where the son inherits his father's calling as he comes into the "old man's" cast-off clothes. When our office boy says "my firm," he still unconsciously implies the possibility that he may own the business rather than the fact that the firm owns him.

Though named by others the white-collar slave, the American clerk is the least class-conscious of our multifariously unconscious working classes. He will admit no kinship with Robert Gregory, the English clerk in the *n*th generation, who seeks pathetically to leave the road that his father has traveled before him, who skids from side to side braving the danger of catastrophe only to end as he had begun—in the rut. Our clerk finds his kin in the thousand incarnations of the humble hero who lives happily after acquiring both his master's business and his comely daughter.

Yet "Robert Gregory" should be "required reading" for the American clerk, though one need not be a clerk to appreciate and understand the pain and the struggle recorded in it. The story wins one's sympathy immediately. Like all true art, it achieves the identification of subject and spectator. Moreover, Mr. Owen has been just as true to life as to art; he has written with knowledge as well as fervor. And if this knowledge has forced him to emphasize the drab and the sordid, this fervor has enabled him to rescue the commonplace from dulness and ugliness. Robert's revolt animates even his incompetence and makes tragedy of his dramatic failure.

Waldo Frank writes the tale of another futile revolt from the only inescapable social position in American life, that of the Negro in the South. His original contribution to the recent variations on this theme lies in showing the white man—in this case the white woman—as helpless a slave to his place in the social structure as the black and equally unable to step across the border line. A far greater contribution is the unforgettable symphony of "Niggertown," full of passion and pain.

Despite their similarity in thematic material, these books are as far apart in conception and style as it is possible for two novels to be. Mr. Owen writes in the best manner of the traditional form for fiction; Mr. Frank continues to lead the American neoterics in poetry and power of expression. The difference in their work is the difference between trouvère and troubadour. The first is an historian of social customs; the other a minstrel of personal sentiments. "Holiday" is more dramatic than "Robert Gregory" but less honest; it is more elusive but less alive. In Mr. Frank's novel the subject has its apotheosis in sex; Mr. Owen uses sex as one of many illustrations.

It is not my purpose to decide in favor of one method and against the other, but it is impossible to ignore the fact that for all its beauty and worth, "Holiday" is simply a lyrical outburst, whereas "Robert Gregory" is a definitive study of man and manners. Waldo Frank, too, is concerned with men and women but his way of characterizing them is like Shelley's description of the lark, which the game warden failed to recognize.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

The World We Want

Prospects of Industrial Civilization. By Bertrand and Dora Russell. The Century Company. $2.

BOOKS in which Bertrand Russell has a hand—other than his popularly incomprehensible mathematical treatises—have an engaging childlike quality. His imagination roams the universe with light-footed daring. His personal preferences are naively set forth. His conclusions result from brilliant improvisation, sometimes resting on detailed knowledge of his premises, but more often arising merely from the broadest of impressions, and embodying amusing simplifications of the facts. The consequence is two-fold: inspired illuminations of human problems akin to the wisdom proceeding from the mouths of babes and sucklings, and equally stimulating but fantastic departures from reality.

The present book consists of two parts, the first an analysis of the world's present troubles, and the second an attempt to define and discover the approaches to a better social order.

The authors believe that the two chief disintegrating influences in the modern world are the conflicts leading to international war inherent in nationalism, and the conflicts between exploiter and exploited inherent in industrialism. Both must be allayed not merely to produce a decent world, but to avoid universal catastrophe. The interactions of these two forces are producing a situation in which the catastrophe draws ever closer. What chance is there of avoiding it? No chance, if both or either of the conflicts is to come to a violent issue everywhere in the world, since the struggle incident to the victory of either side would blast an abyss under both. The authors are not so

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sanguine as to hope for complete escape from violence. But they do, by an intricate and bold course of reasoning, conclude that nationalistic struggles may come to an end by the creation of a few great self-sufficient land empires capable of defense but unready for attack, and that a new economic order, though prevented by violence or unfavorable conditions everywhere else in the world, may arrive opportunely in the United States with a minimum of bloodshed.

The second part of the book is less closely knit. It contains brilliant observations on the proper test for a desirable social order, and attempts to apply the test to such things as moral standards, sources and distribution of power, education, and economic organization. It will be no surprise to Mr. Russell's readers to discover that the authors find their criteria in their conception of the good type of man, and that they want a society not unduly regimented, in which material gain, competition, and work are subordinated to health, friendship, aesthetic and intellectual pursuits, and leisure.

Few civilized persons will dispute the broad assumptions and desires of such delightful authors. But as a definite contribution to detailed analysis and solution of the world's problems, the book has no more authority, and no more appositeness, than would naturally arise from the random speculation of such intelligent and sympathetic amateurs. The authors seem to be blind to the part which must be played by the newer type of human science, if man is to control his fate. Exact and detailed knowledge, combined with carefully controlled experiments, are as necessary for ordered human relationships as they are for engineering and medicine. The authors object to the valuation of science for its utilitarian purposes rather than for the sake of pure knowledge. In this attitude they are doubtless thinking of the physical sciences, whose immense contribution to material progress has been paralleled by so little contribution to happiness. But the way out, I believe, lies not in the substitution of an absolutist philosophy for the pragmatic, but in the extension of the pragmatic test to the sciences underlying human behavior and organization. It is precisely because economists and psychologists have in the past been satisfied with introspective methods and closed systems of "natural law" rather than with quantitative investigations of data and experimental testing of results that we do not yet know how to make the kind of world we want, though we do know how to build skyscrapers and automobiles.

GEORGE SOULE

A Hamlet in Politics

The Life of Lord Rosebery. By E. T. Raymond. George H. Doran Company. $3.

FOR more than a generation after the establishment of the new political order in Japan the old Shogun still lived. Change rapidly succeeded change in the process of modernizing the country's institutions, while the once supreme ruler watched everything from a position of obscure retirement as a private citizen, no one even suggesting that his counsel or cooperation would be of any national service. Very similar has been the situation of Lord Rosebery for many a long year. When there have been government defeats or other acute crises in British politics, in all the excited canvassing of ministerial changes the name of one of the most highly gifted of former premiers has never been so much as mentioned. Politically he has been as dead as any eighteenth-century statesman entombed in Westminster Abbey. It is significant that not only in recording the incidents of Lord Rosebery's life but in depicting his personal traits the present biographer writes everywhere not "he is" but "he was."

The most satisfactory explanation available both of the rise of Lord Rosebery and of his decline and fall will be found in Mr. Raymond's brilliant biography. A reader who knew nothing and cared nothing about British politics might easily find this book of absorbing interest merely as a psychological study. It analyzes, sympathetically and yet unsparingly, one of the most fascinating characters in the public life of modern times, and sets forth with admirable clearness the causes both of Lord Rosebery's initial successes and of the ultimate futility of his disappointing career. Mr. Raymond shows how the circumstances of his birth and training contributed to make him what he became; how, for instance, his Scotticism made it difficult for him to fit precisely into any English scheme of things; how his being "sent down" from Oxford deprived him of his last chance of getting the stimulus of competition in spheres where his caste could not help him; how the handicap of his early succession to a peerage caused him to miss the discipline of the wholesome day-by-day clash with men of various classes and temperaments in the House of Commons, as well as of the constant compulsion to pull his full weight in the political game; and how his wealth, his aristocratic lineage, and his great natural endowment as an orator all conspired to make of him a spoiled favorite of fortune.

But these things come far short of telling the whole story. "There is no single clue," writes the biographer, "to the mystery of Lord Rosebery, with his spasmodic brilliances, his strange lethargies, his sudden strengths, his unexpected weaknesses." Perhaps Mr. Raymond brings us nearest to a single explanatory formula when he speaks of the constant incompatibility between Lord Rosebery's mind and his temperament. His imagination was seized by the harsher and more rugged virtues—such as independence, self-sufficiency, frugality, tenacity—but in practice he was very unlike the stoic hero he idealized. He had to reconcile an aristocratic temper with a democratic creed, and as time went on the problem became more and more difficult until at last his early enthusiasms faded away. His biographer shrewdly remarks that Lord Rosebery was always the eloquent exponent of the views of others rather than himself an originator, and that the relative tameness of the concluding phases of his career may be partly due to the absence of men big enough to furnish him with the appropriate stimulus.

In this book, as in its predecessors on the same shelf, Mr. Raymond shows himself a master of the art of putting things. In addressing the House of Lords Lord Rosebery "adopted the tone of a very consciously sane chaplain addressing the inmates of a home for imbeciles." His Chesterfield speech "smacked rather of the epitaph than of the manifesto." With him, as with most men, "cynicism was only a form of going into black for a departed self." And the tenor of the narrative is sometimes quite helpfully broken by passages in which Mr. Raymond expresses his own opinions on some relevant topic. He explains, for instance, in three illuminating pages, why it is a mistake to speak of London as "an imperial city"; he discusses the characteristic differences between aristocrats and middle-class men as cabinet ministers; and, in an excellent and well-balanced criticism of imperialism, he offers some suggestive reflections on the "lesser" and the "larger" patriotism.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

The Nation's Poetry Prize

THE NATION offers an annual poetry prize of $100 for the best poem submitted by an American poet in a contest conducted by *The Nation* each year between Thanksgiving and New Year's Day. The rules for the contest in 1923 are as follows:

1. Each manuscript submitted in the contest must reach the office of *The Nation*, 20 Vesey Street, New York City, not earlier than Saturday, December 1, and not later than Monday, December 31, plainly marked on the outside of the envelope, "For *The Nation's* Poetry Prize."

2. Manuscripts must be typewritten and must have the name of the author in full on each page of the manuscript submitted.

3. As no manuscripts submitted in this contest will in any circumstances be returned to the author it is unnecessary to inclose return postage. An acknowledgment of the receipt of each manuscript, however, will be sent from this office.

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4. No more than three poems from the same author will be admitted to the contest.

5. No restriction is placed upon the subject or form of poems submitted, which may be in any meter or in free verse. It will be impossible, however, to consider poems which are more than 400 lines in length, or which are translations, or which are in any language other than English. Poems arranged in a definite sequence may, if the author so desires, be counted as a single poem.

6. The winning poem will be published in the Midwinter Literary Supplement of *The Nation*, to appear February 13, 1924.

7. Besides the winning poem, *The Nation* reserves the right to purchase at its usual rates any other poem submitted in the contest.

The judges of the contest are the editors of *The Nation*. Poems should in no case be sent to them personally.

Drama

Scramble

IN spite of the tumult and the shouting the season is, so far, an uninteresting one. We are at its very height and there are just two plays in which the mind can take solid satisfaction —"Windows" and "Tarnish." The visit to these shores of famous players or famous organizations of players does not, after all, furnish one with that ultimate satisfaction which the theater has to offer—a fresh or vigorous or beautiful projection of some part of that natural and inherent struggle and crisis which is the essence "of man, of nature, and of human life."

Hence I am pleased, but pleased quite without enthusiasm, by Mr. Walter Hampden's spirited revival of "Cyrano de Bergerac" at the National Theater. The play in its original tongue has infinite verve and sparkle and even poetic eloquence of a kind. Stripped of that it becomes a thing of somewhat deliberate if gallant posturing and can neither enlarge the mind nor touch the heart.

What is true of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is far more true, of course, of "The Swan," by Ferenc Molnar (Cort Theater). Molnar knows more of mediatized or semi-mediatized princelings than either Anthony Hope or George Barr McCutcheon ever did. Frequently in the first act and more sporadically throughout he has shrewd observations upon these pathetic and futile people. But the play, though it may deserve a slightly better fate, is played both out of and to the Zenda-Graustark mood and caters partly to tinsel romanticism, partly to the undying snob in the soul of man. The production and the acting are both hopelessly sweet.

The root of the matter is in none of these things. It is in "The Shame Woman," by Miss Lula Vollmer, the author of "Sun Up." As in "Sun Up" so in "The Shame Woman" the fable cracks and crumbles at a definite point. The death of Lily is simply incredible. We know perfectly well that the girl didn't die, nor is her death a signal for the withdrawal of the action into a region of the symbolic. Nevertheless "The Shame Woman" marks an advance over "Sun Up" in this respect, that the break in the action is not the intellectual suicide of the fable. The story, proceeding straight from the characters of the people, is not altered in its inner character and thus, especially with the fine example of Mr. Gilbert Emery before us, I hope that, in her third play, Miss Vollmer will quite have got ever the besetting vice of the young American dramatist—an ogreish appetite for his own ideas and words.

The dramatic texture of "The Shame Woman" is quite on a level with that of "Sun Up." Again Miss Vollmer's presentation of folk life is rich and authentic; again she tells us what we are most eager to know—the inner truth of human lives. Again we see exemplified the recurrent experience that art most deeply rooted in a given soil has the best chance of at-

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This great translation has been immediately recognized in America as the classic it is. It contains "pages as powerful as any in modern literature," Ernest Boyd writes in *The Nation*, adding that "Balzac never surpassed them in *Père Goriot*." $2.50

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taining a universality of interest. There is no performance in the production of "The Shame Woman" quite equal to the superb and now famous one of Miss Lucille La Verne in "Sun Up." But that of Miss Florence Rittenhouse as Lize Burns is not far below it. It is very well to say that acting is not a mimetic art. In one sense that is true enough. So soon, however, as we understand the nature of imitation in all art this remark—now made with increasing frequency—darkens counsel. Acting is not immediate imitation. The actor must absorb the character from nature and the dramatist's words and then recreate that character through the medium of his art. All art, in brief, works through a definite medium. But nature remains model and foundation, and art is most perfect when its medium becomes the vehicle of an ultimate impression which is nature "animated," concentrated, heightened, if you will, but nature still. And I know of no two examples of recent acting that illustrate this point quite as well as the performances of Miss La Verne and Miss Rittenhouse in these two folk-plays of the North Carolina mountains.

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International Relations Section

The Hunger Strike in Ireland

By Æ

RECENT history in Ireland will do nothing to soften that bitter Irish humor which is an evolutionary product, and which stimulates without sweetening our lives. A humor without bitterness playing on politics and personalities might have saved many souls from becoming immovable images of pride. Nothing is more destructive of rigid mentality and emotional obsessions than laughter.

Failing that dissolving laughter we can only treat the problem of the hunger strikers seriously. It is a policy which, like the abandoned policy of civil war, occurs to people who do not think, and who have only an abnormal and inherited capacity for suffering. It is no more an intellectual policy than killing other people is an intellectual policy. The courage required for both may be admitted, but neither by killing people or wounding their feelings are they convinced that those who do these things to them are in the right. The aim of all discussion should be to allure people by reason, by the exposition of noble and intellectual images of society, so that of their own free will they will be convinced. There is danger, too, in a country if political groups, determined to make their existence felt, go on from one sensational policy to another, that those who endure perpetual economic and moral suffering brought on by these sensational policies will get callous, and at last as cold as a stone and incapable of giving its due of tears or sympathy to any tragic event in society.

We all know how profoundly in childhood we were moved when first in our sheltered lives we heard of crime or death, but as we grew older and read continuously of murders, earthquakes, famines, and other sensational happenings we lost sensitiveness. We say *how shocking*, but really we are not shocked. We have become insensitive through oversensation. At the beginning of the European War the first reports of thousands slain in a day moved every heart. After three years of international murder hardly any except those whose fathers, brothers, husbands, or sons were in the lists of dead or wounded read the news with an extra beating of the heart. They had no feeling left. Those who come to Ireland with fresh hearts and unsquandered emotions, and who read our daily papers, find in them hardly a trace of humanity for any misfortune here or elsewhere. We appear almost a heartless people. We are not so naturally. We have squandered our emotions.

We do not know what the Free State Government may do in regard to this hunger strike. But this we feel sure, that if these desperate gambles for victory go on, not merely will prisoners suffer pain and perhaps death, but the heart of Ireland may cease for a generation to beat for any generous cause. The children of the state may fester in slums, the workers be sweated, our public life may be mean and corrupt, but men will not react from it.

To most European peoples we in Ireland appear to have suffered but little in a decade in which they were altogether wretched. In many countries armies have trampled over the fields, men have been killed, not in hundreds, as here, but in tens of thousands or hundreds of thousands, and many also have perished of famine. They look without pity on our self-inflicted tragedies, upon our own wrecking and burning of our own buildings, while, with them, cities were made dust-heaps by alien enemies; upon our self-starvation while they were hungry because they could not get enough to eat.

We are not now protesting against Republicanism, which as a political ideal might, if any had the imagination, be made alluring to all of us. We are protesting against the waste of national feeling, the squandering of national emotion over circumstance which we sometimes feel has been engineered on purpose. Oh, we do not doubt there were brutalities. They are inevitable when physical force is resorted to in a country. There have been crimes on both sides. But what is to be gained by the continued and passionate imputation to whole parties of the villainies of the scum on either side? If this continues our national life will be arid as a sandy desert. What poor leadership, too, is this policy if the object was the early release of prisoners! The whole country was grateful when it learned there was to be no further internal or external conflict. The honor of the Republican Party was involved in adherence to this policy. Few people in Ireland wished to keep thousands of their own countrymen in prison if there was no fear of further conflict. The demand for release would have been overpowering from all sections in the Free State, as hardly any even of its sternest partisans desired their countrymen to be in prison once the menace of civil war was removed. Within a few weeks in all probability after the declaration that conflict was over most of the prisoners would have been at their homes. But the declaration of peace was coupled with a hunger strike of unprecedented dimensions for the immediate release of all prisoners. But will this hunger strike hasten release? Would any government in the world allow itself to be humiliated by orders given in this fashion? It is certain the Free State Government cannot let them all die. But what unnecessary suffering to inflict on men! What torture of their relatives! What intensifying of hatred on one side and contempt on the other!

We were once a gay, hardy, and natural folk, mistrusting those who fed overmuch on tragic emotions. Let us hope this will be the last flare-up of unreason, for what Ireland needs is thought. We believe there is the quickest natural mentality here, but so uneducated and so ill informed that it does more harm than good to the possessor of it. Let us concentrate on education, and one of the most brilliant people in Europe may inhabit this island in a quarter of a century.

With regard to the prisoners, we think the Government should accept the declaration of the Ard-Fheis that there would be no more internal or external conflict and release them. If there are any who still nourish thoughts of fighting, the country will soon make it clear to them that they will get no sympathy. If any do not take the hint and start afresh, for their future fate if captured there will be neither sigh nor song. The only way to win Ireland over to Republicanism is to exhibit a higher culture, a better character, a finer intellect, a more practical economic sense than the upholders of the present Constitution show. The more they exhibit this superiority the better for their cause. The more they rely merely on their capacity for suffering the more will people be callous and their hearts be turned away.

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The Republican Plea

THE hunger strike of the Irish Republican prisoners begun on October 14 has occasioned much comment in Ireland and the United States. The position of even the more liberal supporters of the Free State is one of bitter opposition to this policy; on another page we print an article by George W. Russell (Æ) expressing this view. The Republican attitude is given in the documents appearing below.

"Freedom or the Grave"

A flier, with this head, freely distributed and giving the story of the hunger strike from a Republican point of view, reads as follows:

The Final Hunger Strike

Mountjoy.

On Sunday, the 14th of October, a general hunger strike was declared by the political prisoners at present detained in Mountjoy jail. This hunger strike will be the final hunger strike to take place in this jail as long as the men are in it, for it will come to an end in a way that will preclude a repetition of such a fight—in victory and release, or in the death of the prisoners.

The Reason.

A brief recapitulation of the incidents of the present struggle makes it evident that the men had no other option than to take this extreme step—the only alternative being in their own words "slow death."

The treatment and conditions were not at any time of a nature to preclude protest and attack by the prisoners. But at no time did the treatment meted out to the men reach a height of systematized cruelty such as it had reached at the date of this strike. Nor, more important still, did it resolve itself into an attempt to reduce the prisoners to the level of common criminals. *That* was the position when on Sunday the 14th the men, hopeless of gaining any permanent redress, declared their resolve to "achieve freedom or the grave." Their manifesto has been printed elsewhere, has been distributed to every paper in Ireland, and has been published in the Republican press. In it they amply justify their action. They acknowledge that they fully realize the terrible sufferings which await them in their trial, but they also recount what they have been forced to undergo at the hands of their jailers, and declare that with no assurance that any redress will be permanent, they have no option but to adopt the final weapon of passive resistance—hunger strike.

Manacled for Fourteen Days.

The hunger and thirst strike of Dan Breen, T.D., served to open the eyes of the public, in a degree, to the conditions which must have forced such a frightful course on any man. After his release, instead of becoming any better, conditions became far worse, and on the return of the twelve men temporarily removed to Arbour Hill, they found things in a state which only suggests a parallel in the treatment meted out by his jailers to O'Donovan Rossa. Men were being deprived of all recreation, letters, and parcels, and being driven in to their cells at 7 p. m. by rifle fire. They were being raided and terrorized at all hours of the day and night. Prisoners in the basement were *manacled for over a fortnight*—scantily clad. Hospital patients were being deprived of all exercise and other facilities, and sent to the wings when they took down the door locked on them. Nine men in Wing D—a "punishment wing"—had already threatened a hunger and thirst strike if their treatment continued, but matters came to a head on Saturday night, October the 13th, when the prisoners issued their manifesto and embarked on the strike.

Knowing what the Free State party has shown itself capable of in many fields of cruelty, there can be no doubts as to what this strike is going to mean to the men—what it is in fact already forcing them to endure. In their present weak condition, due to the confinement and brutal treatment of the past month, with winter at its worst in a fortnight's time, with inadequate clothing, no parcels, no mental or bodily comfort of any sort whatsoever, their agonies must be at the present moment indescribable. Hunger strikes of the past—with a sympathetic populace, a church anxious and solicitous—will fade into insignificance before this terrible fight by men cruelly treated, cold, unclothed, and delicate.

Yet, they have had no option. The cause of their imprisonment disappeared six months ago with the cessation of war. The Free State Party boasts of their success in locking up all the "dangerous characters" of the country. Yet the deeds of violence which have characterized these two years have not abated a jot since the number of prisoners mounted from zero to thirteen thousand. Excuse might be made for the inflamed passions of men during hostilities, but the conditions in Mountjoy have never been as bad as they now are, nor did the supporters of the present regime ever encourage such conditions during hostilities by a refusal to recognize the status of prisoners. Fear of renewed fighting might have been pleaded in June, but the discipline which has been proof against the goads of these past six months is the most ample seal to the guaranty of Eamonn De Valera that fighting came definitely to an end in May, 1923.

Our Peace and Theirs.

These men in Mountjoy and their fellows throughout Ireland who will probably follow their example without delay, are acknowledged (assuredly so if any of them should die) as men fighting for their honest convictions. Their fellow-countrymen at liberty are proving by their regard for the welfare, prosperity, and culture of their country that they are actuated by unselfish patriotism—yet 13,000 men and some hundreds of girls are forced to the extreme step of self-immolation that they may be permitted to work for the regeneration of their country, the restoration of its honor, and the revival of its ancient civilization.

The subversion of all justice in this will react in the confusion, not alone of those who have caused it, but those who have permitted it to be. If deeds could prove it, it has been amply proved that tyranny is barren in fruit but as bursting with evil results as plague.

The death of a single one of these prisoners will be an added sting to its lash, but their speedy release may be the turning-point of our internal troubles and the signal for a reversion to the happier days of national unity and self-respect.

A Republican Denial

On Wednesday, October 31, the following messages by code and cable were received from Dublin, London, and Paris by J. J. O'Kelly, Irish Republican representative in New York, denying the recently published statements that many of the 15,000 Irish prisoners on hunger strike have abandoned their fast:

Acting President Rutledge cables: "President De Valera was ordered by Cabinet not to hunger strike. No communication from him since. But it is known that he is closely confined with guard of officers and firing squad. Please deny as an absolute fabrication the statement that Austin Stack was forty-eight hours late in starting strike. He acually has led the strike, as he did in Belfast six years ago. The allegation that pastilles and bread were found on the prisoners is a pure invention of the same type as was used against Terence MacSwiney. The truth is that no parcels whatever—even purgatives or linen—have been allowed into the jails for a month."

Mayor O'Callaghan cables: "Numerous municipal and public boards have announced their decision to cease functioning until the prisoners are released. Free State terribly perturbed and feverishly spreading false statements alleging abandonment of

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strike to break men's morale. Exhausted prisoners are cruelly transferred to distant jails and scattered to facilitate the dissemination of lies among them. A typical case is: Prisoners after seven days' fast were dragged from cells in Mountjoy at 5 in the morning in bitter cold, left handcuffed in the yard without water until 5 in the evening, kept in lorries until 7, huddled in railway terminus till 8, and after three hours further detention in Currage Railway Station forced to march handcuffed after midnight a distance of four miles to the notorious Tintown Camp.

"Men sinking, but morale magnificent. No thought whatever of abandoning strike. 'Freedom or the Grave' is the slogan. We must win!"

The Military Heel

DURING the last ten days of April, 1923, the acting mayor of the city of Bonn in the Rhineland was asked to call upon the district delegate of the Interallied Rhineland Commission. He was informed that the military authorities needed furnishings for the families of about 200 railway officials and that the municipal administration of Bonn should deliver these furnishings. The mayor replied that the municipal administration did not have the furnishings and had no money with which to purchase them. He was then informed that they would be requisitioned in any case. At 5:45 a.m. on May 5 the following letter was delivered to him:

INTERALLIED RHINELAND COMMISSION
DISTRICT OF BONN

No. 2259, 4 f *Bonn, May 4, 1923*

From: Lieutenant Bessy de Boissy, District Delegate of the Interallied Rhineland Commission.

To: The Mayor of Bonn.

Subject: Apartments for French Railway Personnel.

MR. MAYOR: I have the honor of informing you that the military authorities find themselves compelled to obtain by requisition apartments for the French officials who are to assure railway traffic in Bonn. This measure becomes necessary because the German authorities (especially the *Reichsvermögensamt*) have not taken the necessary steps to obtain these apartments.

The process will begin on Saturday, May 5, at six o'clock in the morning. Approximately 180 families are concerned. The 180 families must give up their apartments entirely and leave household furniture, household linen, kitchen utensils, china, and so on. They will have the right to take with them only their personal clothing, jewelry, papers, and stocks and bonds.

They are to be given four hours in which to make their preparations. It will then be your duty to find other dwellings for them.

You will instruct the municipal police to maintain order in the city and not to permit any manifestation or the formation of crowds. The police will be held responsible for any outbreak which it does not immediately put down.

Permit me, Mr. Mayor, to express my high respects.

BESSY DE BOISSY

The Nation is informed from sources which it is for obvious reasons not free to reveal that the requisition began promptly fifteen minutes after this letter had been handed to the mayor. A number of groups of ten or fifteen soldiers each accompanied by an official entered the houses, informed the families that they must leave within four hours, left a small military post with the family, and then proceeded elsewhere. The requisitioning process lasted through Saturday and part of Sunday. Later, barracks were erected in various parts of the city in order to shelter the families which had been forced to live in the streets.

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